

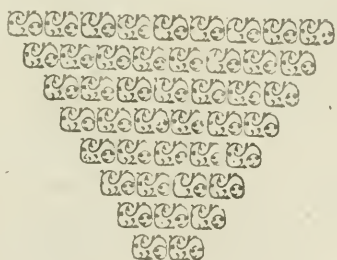
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A
COLLECTION
O F
P O E M S,
FOR and AGAINST
Dr. Sacheverell.



L O N D O N,
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OF



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REPORTS

1871

A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS.

Said to be found upon a Great Lady's Toylet.

O A—a! fee, the Prelude is begun,
 Again they play the Game of Forty One, }
 And he's the Traytor that defends the Throne.
 Thus *Laud*, and thus the *Royal Martyr* dy'd,
 Impeach'd by *Clamour*, and by Traytors try'd.
*Ho—*ly's cry'd up, that does thy Rights oppose,
 Because he crowns the *Mob*, and *arms* thy Foes.
 Stop the portentous Omen, ere it be too late;
 View thy whole Friends in poor *Sacheverell's* Fate.
 Stated Experience now bids all be wise,
 Let one Rebellion in an Age suffice, }
 At him they strike, but *regal Right's* their Prize.

Said to be dropt in the House of C——s.

HOW? At the other B——r to try a Priest!
 What, is your own Authority a Jest?

Try him your selves, like th' Rump, without more
 (Words;
 They that can make their K—s, can make their
 (Lords.

Salisbury-Steeple revers'd :

O R,

The turn-spit B——ps.

WHEN the twenty brave Pleadors, call'd out of
 (the Throng,
 For good Manners, quick Thought, and voluble
 (Tongue,
 Had read all their Speeches, and rehears'd all their Wit,
 And left their good Lordships in Judgment to sit,
 A Prelate *Adroit*, at Text or Debate,
 Sent to eight trusty Brethren in Council to meet;
 They whip on their Cloaks, and to *Hockley* they go,
 To know what his *Kirkship* had for 'em to do.
 When they camè, all the Servants were order'd
 (away,
 And they drank to *Low-Church* in two Gallons of *Tea*,
 T' inspire 'em with Zeal 'gainst *High-Church* and
 (its Sway.)
 Quoth he, I've long wish'd to see you all here,
 For Matters of *Moment* require our great Care.
 'The Godly Lay five, who all Matters contrive,
 That the Protestant Church may still flourish and
 (thrive,
 By me their sure *Nuncio* do send you this Greeting,
 And pray me to tell you how to vote the next Meet-
 (ing.

Our

Our Friends have now *roasted* this Priest and his
 In spight of his Homilies, Scripture, and Laws, }
 And we must not sit *passively* sucking our Paws. }

Walp—le was warm, and as fit at that Season,
 Supply'd with hard Words, the *Absence* of Reason.

Lech—ore shew'd Art, was as bold as a Lyon,
 And i' th' *good old Cause* excell'd *Pim, Prim,* and }
 (Tryon, }

Or the choicest of Saints in the blest'd Year *Forty* }
 (One. }

Gentle *Dol—n*, a Son of a Prelate, with Grace, }
 As if got by a Whig of Republican Race, }

Afferted that Cause without a Blush in his Face;
 For which we owe Thanks, and a lasting Renown,
 Being all o' th' same Stamp obscur'd by a *Gown*.

St—ope soft as a Dove, fam'd for *Arms*, more for
 (Love,

With the greatest good Manners the *Ladies* did move;
 But was ill requited: That Sex near and far,
 Call'd him insolent, rude, and hiss'd him from th'
 (Bar.

What Spirit, brisk Air, and Rhet'rick divine,
 In lofty Sir *Ja—es* and his Harrangue did shine?
 But oh! such rare Eloquence, profound Wit and Parts,
 Politick Learning, with the Cream of all Arts,
 Appear'd in Lord *Wil—m* 'gainst *Sacheverell*,
 As no *Cherub* can reach, nor *Angel* excel.

Let us then, my good Lords, to each other be true,
 And shew in Church-Matters what *B—ps* cando.

I'll tell what by me and great *Wil—m* was done,
 And prove him a Traytor that calls Folks *Vulpone*.

I'll tell 'em a Tale, that to hit 'em won't fail,
 Of a Dame made a *Victim* to high-flying Zeal,

And move Flesh and Blood to see her *undrest*,
 And hew'd all to Pieces by a *hot-headed* Priest:

For us 'twould be shameful in Silence to sit;
 When a *Priest* is a *roasting*, we must help turn the *Spit*.

Do you, my Lord Ox—d, 'gainst Monarchs be keen,
 But as you love *Wor—er*, spare the good Queen.
 This perhaps by the by in your Way may not lie,
 But my *We—t* and your *Ho—ly* will Matters supply;
 That you'll for a gentle *mild* Sentence give out,
 When the Question is put, you know how to vote.
 On your Brother *Nor—ch* we chiefly depend,
 The Right of our *Puritan* Friends to defend;
 And may he excel both his Patrons Renown,
 Be just as the FATHER, and wise as the SON.
 From our Brother *Chich.* we should claim a fine Speech
 On this ranting high Sermon the Co—ns impeach;
 But now *Easter's* at Hand, we expect not a Word,
 Since the *Parish* bids more than we can afford.
 He must lose his Off'rings, with this they do tease
 (him,
 Or vote against us, in order to please 'em.

Some *Lay* Peers, we doubt, will be apt for to flinch,
 But are sure that your *Lordships* will not budge an
 (Inch.

What, tho' we all once did *Resistance* renounce,
 And for not being *passive*, poor *Johnson* did trounce?
 Sure we never took up our Opinions for *Life*,
 For better for worse, as a Man does his Wife?
 What Opinion is upmost, 'tis safe to be of it,
 A Fig for *Lawn Sl—s* that won't turn for their Profit.
 Thus incens'd at the *Doctor*, these Ri—t Re—nd
 (Teachers
 Vow'd they'd make him a Warning to all *High-Church*
 (Preachers :
 But oh ! how they look'd when their Friends hung
 (an Arse,
 And their deep-plotted *Tragedy* turn'd to a *Farce* !
 With Amazement they found their Cause all a—
 (Ground,
 And the *Hall* with loud Ecchoes of Joy to resound;
 They flunk to their Coaches, the *Doctor* did follow;
 They went off with a *Whoop*, but he with a *Hollow*.
 On

On Mr. Ho——ly, who says the People are supreme Governors, and Monarchs are but their Ministers.

Here is a Man, some modern Whigs think fit,
 Amongst our loyal Bishops rank'd to sit;
 A crippl'd Priest, whose *Intellects* are lame
 As his *Supporters*, noxious is his Name;
 Who gives each Topick that he treats, such Touches,
 As, like himself, must be upheld by *Crutches*.
 A brave Defender of th' establish'd Church,
 As ever left her Doctrine in the Lurch;
 But I'm perswaded such a crooked Stick
 Will never gain an *English* Bishoprick:
 And may they ne'er obtain our Sovereign's Favour,
 That dare be guilty of such rude Behaviour,
 As to confront the Doctrine she esteems;
 The only *Medium* free from all Extreams,
 As he has done, as ev'ry Child can tell,
 That boasts in b'ing an *Anticheverell*.

Upon the burning of Mr. Burges's Pulpit.

Invidious *Whigs*, since you have made your Boast,
 That you a Church of *England* Priest would roast,
 Blame not the Mob, for having a Desire
 With Presbyterian *Tubs* to light the Fire.
 A Mob's abhor'd by all, and justly too,
 Tho' rais'd against such Miscreants as you,
 Whose threatening Tongues began the Fray, and rue. }
 And now you curse and damn the silly Elves,
 For Mischiefs you brought only on your selves;
 And ought to swing too, if the Law can reach 'em,
 For practising Doctrines your *Canterers* teach 'em.

You

You give 'em all the Pow'r, and then would hang
 For pulling down your Houses, that's a Trangum. ^{(em}

The Thanksgiving.

Republicans, your tuneful Voices raise,
 And teach the People who to thank and praise.
 L—d *Wh—n* first, for b'ing High-Church's Terror,
 And confuting that antique vulgar Error,
 That poy's'nous Creatures could not in *I—land* live,
 'Till he came thither, such Methods to contrive,
 That nought but worse than *Serpents* might survive. }
 Thank him for coming o'er to *roast* a Priest,
 And for's incomparable witty Jest,
 In calling Church-men *Cats*, and hurrying on
 His wide-mouth'd *Non-Con* Beagles to worry 'em.
 Thank him for cocking's Hat i' th' House, and hide-
 (ous bawling,
 To shew his Wits were gone a *Caterwauling*;
 Or else he'd maul'd High-Church, and snack'd her
 (Spoils,
 By old *Rump* Arts, or new *Dissenting* Wiles.
 Thank the *Scotch* Peers who voted for the Church,
 And the *Lawn Sl—s* that left her in the Lurch.
 'Thank the L—d M——r, a *Wight* by all forsaken,
 For turning Cat i' th' Pan to save his Bacon.
 Thank wise Sir *Sa—el* for being so hugely civil,
 As to call Truth the Doctrine of the Devil.
 Thank the L. C. J. or all had been lost,
 Who, by nicking Time, gain'd the vacant Post, }
 Which he had never had but for *basting* the Roast.
 Thank the *Stock-Jobbers* for your thriving Trade;
 Thank just *Vulpone* that all your Debts are pay'd.
 Thank those, who in Dearth ought to have reserv'd
 To relieve the Poor, who were almost starv'd;

Yet

Yet wasted a hundred thousand Pounds at least,
 In a new Frolick of *Bear-bating* a Priest;
 Or, which was quite as well, to make themselves
 (a Jest.)

Thank Dr. *W—st* for preaching up Resistance,
 And more the *Jesuits* for giving him Assistance.
 Thank them that thank'd him for advancing Tenets
 Entirely *Popish*, or *Presbyterian Ke—ts*.

Thank your selves, proud *W—gs*, that you're ex-
 (pos'd and blam'd,
 And in all *Addresses* reproachfully nam'd;
 But thank th' Almighty if you are not damn'd.

The History of the Imp——nt :

O R,

The Nation's gone mad.

A new Ballad.

THE Nation had always some Token
 Of *Madness*, by Turns and by Fits;
 Their Sense was both shatter'd and broken,
 But now they are out of their Wits.
 Can any Man say the L—d M——r,
 Of Pa———nt likewise a Member,
 Did wisely to set up a *Bear*,
 To preach on the fifth of *November*?
 Was the *Doctor* less touch'd in his Brain,
 To stuff his Discourse with Gun-powder;
 Or *Do——ben*, who fir'd the Train,
 And made it bounce louder and louder?
 Even he who wrought all *underband*,
 So thinking to save his own Bacon;
 Some doubt, that for all his wise *Wand*,
 For a Conjuror ought to be taken.

B

But

But our S——ate has out-done 'em all,
 By their grave and most solemn Proceeding,
 On a *Pageant* in *W——er-H——ll*,
 When the Nation lay almost a *Bleeding*.
 In such a nice critical State,
 When of mighty Affairs there were sev'ral,
 To spend their sweet Hours in Debate,
 About *Ho——ly* and *Henry Sach——ll*,
 Of the Danger that threaten'd the Nation,
 From the scandalous Term of *Vulpone*,
 Thrown on the Man of high Station,
 That so freely supplies us with Money.
 So as the rare *Frolick* went round,
 It seiz'd at last on the People,
 Who swore they would pull to the Ground
 The Churches that wanted a *Steeple*.
 They rebell'd in the *Doctor's* Defence,
 Who so boldly had cry'd their Pow'r down,
 And freely gave up their Pretence
 To stand by the *Church* and the *Crown*.
 And the Folks who so zealously strove
 For their Power, outrageously fell,
 And by Force of Arms they would prove,
 That they had no *Right* to rebel.
 The C——ns, by Arguments keen,
 From the Sense of the Doctor's Expressions,
 Prov'd some Words, that nothing could mean,
 To be *dammable* Crimes and Transgressions.
 The L——s, having all Things regarded,
 Affirm'd he had *highly* offended;
 Then vote he ought to be rewarded,
 And so the rare *Farce* was thus ended.
 Thus I prove, that the M——r who invited,
 And the zealous *Doctor* who preach'd,
 The Man the C——ns incited,
 And these that the Doctor imp——'d;
 All those that the Question did handle,
 The *Mob*, and all such as did gainsay,

The L—s (be it said without Scandal)
 To be all in a different *Frenzy*.
 What Remedy then in the Nation,
 For this Madness that really so much is,
 But some *sober* and *wise* Application
 From S——d, and the Great D——s?

An Elegy Balladwise on the Death of John Dolben, Esq; who departed this Life at Epsom, on Monday May the 28th, 1710.

IS *John Dolben* dead? Fare him heartily well,
 In joyful Elegies I'll ring his Knell;
 For tho' he liv'd but *so so*, he dy'd very well,
 If you'll believe the *loose W—gs*, that still take his
 (Part,

And first contributed to break his poor Heart.
 'Tis true, Repentance might wipe out the Stains
 Of his polluted Life, and mercenary Brains;
 His hir'd Tongue, and bribed Conscience
 Might check him into a religious Sense
 Of his high Crimes, and Misdemeanors great,
 And he might Mercy find at Mercy's Seat.

What, tho' they say he kept a little Whore?
 What W—g's exempted, that keeps open Door,
 And's not bewitch'd, or miserably poor?
 That's Innocence in *W—gs*, that in damn'd *T—es*
 Amount to Sins o'th' highest Stories.

What, tho' with worst of Men he lately sort'd,
 And 'gainst High-Church kick'd, winch'd, and
 (snorted,

He was not quite so bad as *Fame* reported:
 For what must not the staunchest Mortal do,
 That is a Great Man's *Tool*, and has a Place in View?
 Allowances are given to th' Rich, much more
 To proud ambitious Fops really poor.

Or how will Turns of State, and cunning Tricks }
 Be kept on Foot by modern Politicks,
 To hoodwink Fools, and straiten crooked Sticks?
 What, tho' for ten Years past he left the Bed
 Of's vertuous Wife; he'd others in her Stead,
 To get a Race of *W—gs* on, to serve the Nation
 On ev'ry emergent anarchical Occasion?
 For base begotten Brats do naturally fight
 'Gainst justly crown'd Heads by *hereditary* Right;
 Which being the huge great Work now carrying on,
Dolben acted like a wise Republican.
 What, tho' Friends, it may be, truly object,
 He was of ev'ry Side, Faction, and Sect;
 An Atheist, Deist, notorious Hypocrite,
 A mere State-*Juggler* when set in's true Light,
 That for a Place would say a Black-a-moor was }
 (white?)
 And why not? since all but dull *Church Fools* confess,
 That solid Gain is real Godliness.
 'Tis the known Priviledge of *W—gs* to plead Con-
 science,
 And to re-act *Bisarius* in their own Defence;
 To whore, swear or unswear, cheat, lie, and cant,
 So't be done demurely with the Looks of a Saint.
 Nay, farther yet, for their own private Good,
 They can make Monarchs happy by *shedding* their
 (Blood,
 What, tho' to *Epsom* the *Manager* stole down,
 To avoid the *Mob*, and the more noisy Town;
 'Twas not out of Fear, but to wisely prepare
 'Gainst the next Occasion of baiting a Bear,
 And advancing Resistance, in Despight of Addresses,
 And solace with *Miss* in her charming Caresses.
 But while all these vast Designs were on Foot,
 And a great Place at Court expected to boot,
 A raging *spotted Fever* all his Hopes defeated,
 And Maugre his *Cooler*, his Blood so over-heated,
 As

As summon'd him to Tryal, without using more
(Words,

At the Tribunal of the Great *Lord of Lords*,
To answer for all the Misdeeds he had done;
Make Haste, says the *Fever*, your last Thread is spun.
Nor Prayers nor Tears can now ought avail,
Your Case admits neither Mainprize nor Bail;
The Measure you made sometime to another,
Is now made your own, as a real *false Brother*.
With that he look'd grim, bidding utter Defiance
To th' Party that gain'd him into Compliance,
With their horrid Designs to bring to Confusion
The Church and the State, and the whole Constitu-
(tion;

Then left him expos'd, to beg or be starv'd,
As a just Reward for what he'd deserv'd,
In serving the Nation's *occult Enemies*;
More would he have said, had not Death clos'd his
(Eyes.

HIS EPITAPH.

HERE lies Whiggish John, who, in Hopes of being
(greater,
Forsook his first Principles, and on a Theatre
Rail'd at High-Church, from which he had's Bread,
In Expectance of being more sumptuously fed
By a Great Man, that ne'er did, nor ne'er will
Do the least Good, or vacant Place fill,
Int to serve his own Int'rest; which, now too too late,
Dolben perceiving to be his sad Fate,
To be made a rank Setter, then left a Stand,
Dy'd in Revenge, for being basely trepann'd.

On Mr. Dolben's Voyage to, and Return from the Indies.

L OUD Blasphemy *Jack*, being stript by *Oak Royal*,
 The degenerate Son of a *Sire* truly loyal,
 With Goal-Birds and Whores to Plantations he cross'd,
 'Till the *Sharper* retriev'd what the *Bubble* had lost.
 Now in Hopes of a Place, he yelp'd and impeach'd,
 But the pert forward *Fop* himself over-reach'd;
 And had been committed to Goal by the L—ds,
 If he had not shamefully eat his own Words.

A Litany.

F ROM People pretending t' extraord'nary Zeal,
 That can fast and pray, publick Vices to heal,
 Yet eat up an *Orphan* at every Meal,
Libera nos, &c.
 From them that studiously Mischiefs do make,
 And cheat their best Friends for *Conscience* Sake,
 And for Gain will go th' *infernal* Lake,
Libera nos, &c.
 From such as take the Sacramental Tye
 Whene'er they find a good *Reason* why,
 Yet never think they are bound thereby,
Libera nos, &c.
 From *Pale Ale* with Lime in't, and *Parsons's* Bub,
 From the Gang of Rogues at a *Calve's-head* Club,
 And the fiery Tryal of *Burges's* Tub,
Libera nos, &c.
 From tolerated Churches without e'er a Steeple,
 From *Ho—ly* the fanatick cuckoldly Cripple,
 And from the sovereign *Power* o' th' People,
Libera nos, &c.
From

From the traiterous Offspring of *Forty One*,
That cringe and fawn, and flatter the Crown;
For no other End but to pull it quite down,

Libera nos, &c.

From those that by publick Frauds are enrich'd,
And such as 'twixt *Pride* and *Zeal* are bewitch'd,
And Republicans into *Vice Royalties* hitch'd,

Libera nos, &c.

From empty hot-headed fierce Legislators,
Traiterous *Reviews*, and baul'd *Observers*,
And senseless eternal politick Praters,

Libera nos, &c.

From *Cabals* that to ruin the Kingdom do fit,
From new Laws that insult the old *sacred Writ*,
And from Courtiers over *burthen'd* with Wit,

Libera nos, &c.

From the Pest of a State, a Club-ridden Brave,
Who a Nation does with her own Money enslave,
And has damn'd more in Fact, than *Justice* can save,

Libera nos, &c.

From a People too good to be told of their Faults,
From an Head of a City whose Word goes for nought,
And from eating hard Eggs without any Salt,

Libera nos, &c.

Upon the bur—g of Dr. Sac——ell's Sermons.

WHAT is become of the old Oath of Allegiance,
When you punish your Pastors for Passive-
(Obedience?)

You first burn his Sermons, the Homilies next;
For all the Homilies agree with his Text.
If Things are thus manag'd, it may be possible,
That the next Burnt-Off'ring will be the *Bible*.
The Pr——ate refusing to come to his Tryal,
In my Opinion is St. *Peter's Denial*.

Six B——ps were for him, but seven more wife,
Have fav'd their own Bacon in Low-Church Disguise.
Their Votes so divided, as plainly does shew,
At Sixes and Sevens Religion does go.

The Church of England's New Toast.

LONG Life to the Queen, and a prosperous Reign,
 May she humble proud Monsieur, and make
 (him quit *Spain*;
 May she settle young *Charles* on his Ancestors Throne,
 And make all his Subjects as blest'd her own.
 Here's a Health to the Church and to all that dare
 (right her,
 To the Persons that wear, and are Friends to the Mitre:
 To the fifty two L—ds, who W—g Notions abhor'd,
 And wisely declar'd against burning God's Word:
 To the many Grand Juries, who have boldly express'd
 Their Zeal for the Church, when the Queen they
 (address'd:
 To *Glo'ster* and *Oxford*, and *Warwick* the brave,
 Who its Doctrines from all its Opposers would save;
 And to all that Republican Tenets detest,
 With Warmth in their Words, and with Truth in
 (their Breast:
 To her Majesty's Uncle, who'd make us all safe,
 If again but possess'd of the M—e and white S—ff;
 And the rest of the Statesmen, who, fam'd for their
 (Zeals,
 Have a Right to the K—y, and the P—se, and the
 (S—ls:
 To the Counties and Burroughs that lay it at Heart,
 That the Members they've chosen, from their Duties
 (should start,
 And promise that they'll better Measures pursue,
 Than to chuse such sham P—ts as these are anew.
 May

May *England*, Old *England*, in Glory still rise,
 And blest'd be the Preacher that open'd her Eyes.
 Here's a Health to the Doctor, whom no one must
 (name,
 And he's a *false Brother* that won't pledge the same.

The Doctor Militant :

O R,

Church Triumphant.

To the Tune of Packington's Pound. By N. F. G. Gent.

BOld *Whigs* and *Fanatics* now strive to pull down
 The true Church of *England*, both Mitre and
 (Crown ;

To introduce Anarchy into the Nation,
 As they did *Oliver's* late Usurpation.

In Queen *Ann's* happy Reign

They attempt it again,

Who burn the Text, and the Preacher arraign.

Sachev'rell, Sachev'rell, thou art a brave Man,

To stand for the Church, and our gracious Q. *Ann.*

In *James's* Reign, when the Church had a Fall,

The Peers and the Prelates King *William* did call,

That he might recover what then did decline,

And settle the Crown in the Protestant Line ;

For that pious End

He did recommend

The late Toleration, that *Whigs* did befriend.

Sachev'rell, Sachev'rell, whose Zeal did abide,

By Commons and Lords at the Bar to be try'd.

These seeming Conformists crept in the Church-Sleeve,

The credulous Mother the Knaves did believe ;

But like to the Snake in the Fable they prove,

That stung the good Man for his Bounty and Love ;

C

Their

Their Power employ
 Her Rites to annoy,
 And thro' her Indulgence herself to destroy.
Sachev'rell, Sachev'rell, it's only to you
 The Church is oblig'd, and our Thanks become due.
 Their Practice and Principles stand on Record,
 Ere since they beheaded their sovereign Lord;
 The Spawn of the Rebels in that bloody Fray,
 Celebrate that Regicide this very Day;
 Who yearly do feast
 On the Head of a Beast,
 Upon th' Anniversary of the Deceas'd.
Sachev'rell, Sachev'rell, brave *Chev'rell* alone,
 Dare tell such a barbarous People their own.
 When the Crown and the Scepter fell in the Mobs
 (Hands,
 They could not submit to each others Commands;
 The Robbers fell out in dividing the Spoil,
 In Blood, War, and Taxes poor *England* embroil;
 Like Babies and Fools,
 They play with edg'd Tools;
 When all are Superiors, then no Body rules.
Sachev'rell, Sachev'rell, you've shewn 'em the Way
 To honour the *Queen*, and the *Church* to obey.
 While Knaves thus contended to sit on the Throne,
 The Owner had Hopes to recover his own;
 And so it fell out, in the Midst of their Jars,
 The King's Restoration did finish the Wars;
 In whose Golden Days
 The Church held the Keys,
 And kept in Subjection such Rebels as these;
 For then were *Sachev'rells*, whom God did inspire,
 To rescue the Church from *Fanatical* Fire.

The Old Pack.

1.

Come ye old *English* Huntsmen, that love noble
 (Sport
 Here's a Pack to be sold, and staunch Dogs of the Sort ;
 Nor Sir *Sewster*, nor *Chetwynd* can match our fleet
 (Hounds,
 For breaking down Fences, and leaping o'er Mounds;
 Some are deep-mouth'd and speedy, some mad, blind,
 (and lame,
 Some Yelpers and Curs, but all fit for the Game.

*Then to Horse, loyal Hearts, lest the Round-heads deceive ye,
 For they have the Dogs, and are riding tantivy.*

2.

There's Atheists and Deists, and fawning Dissenter,
 There's Republican fly, and long-winded Canter ;
 There's Heresy, Schism, and mild Moderation,
 That's still in the Wrong for the Good of the Nation ;
 There's Baptist, Socinian, and Quakers with Scruples,
 'Till kind Toleration linkt 'em all in Church-Couples.

Then to Horse, &c.

For they have, &c.

3.

Somewere bred in the Army, some dropt from the Fleet,
 Under Bulks somewere litter'd, and some in the Street ;
 Some are good harmless Curs, without Teeth or Claws,
 Somewere whelp'd in a Shop, and some Runners at
 (Laws ;

Some were wretched poor Curs, Mungrel Starvers
 (and Setters,

'Till dividing the Spoil they put in with their Betters.

Then to Horse, &c.

For they have, &c.

4.

A few, very few of the true *English* Breed,
 Whose Noses were good, and of excellent Speed ;

But what's a fine Mouth to oppose such vile Throats,
 Where Hunters and Noise quite drown the sweet Notes?
 If he hits of a Fault, or runs the Scent right,
 Honest *Tory* is worry'd for a rank *Jacobite*?

Then to Horse, &c.

For they have, &c.

5.

Five hundred stout Dogs are a brave Pack to run,
 But the Leaders in chief are but old Forty One,
 On hot burning Scent, when they open their Throats,
 Then trail a Court-Place, how the staunchest change
 (Notes ;

Tho' no Horn nor Voice can their Fury controul,
 Yet to the *White Staff* they hunt all under Pole.

Then to Horse, &c.

For they have, &c.

6.

Crysthe Huntsman, *B. Ho—ly*, dear Whelps I'm a *Knave*,
 But you're all sov'reign Curs, and your Prince is your
 (Slave ;

This my Writings will prove stoll'n from *Prym, Nye*,
 (and *Peters*,

That all free-born Dogs may fall on their *Betters* ;
 Then away on the Scent, 'tis the old *Game* and good,
 While *Peers* have fat Haunches, and *Kings* Royal Blood.

Then to Horse, &c.

For they have, &c.

7.

A stout orthodox Doctor fell first in the Wind ;
 The Pack open'd their Throats, in Hopes Mob would
 (ha' join'd ;

By a strong passive Scent they run him full Speed,
 'Till the Rabble cry'd out, *You're rank there, — Take heed* ;
 What, o'er leap the Church-Pales, and break Consti-
 (tution ?

Here the Devil's your Leader, and you hunt for Con-
 (fusion!

Then to Horse, &c.

For they have, &c.

8. At

8.

At the Head of a Pack stupid *William* commanding,
 Who's of Quality bred, by his deep Understanding,
 If to dull worthless Whelps we may Titles afford,
 His Merits confess him a Dog of a L—d ;
 Those crafty old Curs, that despise the poor Tool,
 Yet only for Luck Sake they'll hunt with a Fool.

Then to Horſe, &c.

For they have, &c.

9.

There's *Woolf* rapacious, and *Bluſter* and *Thunder*,
 And *Peter* the grim, and the late Sp—ker *Blunder* ;
 For the dull heavy Curs love to mount in a Chair,
 Tho'like *Monkeys* that climb, th' expoſe that Part bare ;
 And *Jackall* the ill-look'd, who trains up new Comers,
 And ſtill ſpeaks in Season, for his Wit comes from

Then to Horſe, &c.

(S—ers.

For they have, &c.

10.

There's Blaſphemy *Jack*, that was ſtrip'd by Oak
 (Royal,

The Republican Whelp of a Sire truly loyal ;
 With Goal-Birds and Whores to Plantations he croſs'd,
 'Till the Sharper retriev'd what the Bubble had loſt ;
 Now in Hopes of a Place, he ſtill yelps and im—ches,
 Tho' this pert forward Cur oft himſelf over-reaches.

Then to Horſe, &c.

For they have, &c.

11.

There's *Hackum* and *Bras* for their deep Mouths re-
 (nown'd,

Becauſe empty Sculls have a great Strength of Sound ;
 Send *Hackum* to *Spain*, what great Feats he'll atchieve,
 And it's Conduct enough to make *Senates* believe ;
 And young *Bras* of *Corinth* can never deceive ye,
 For he pays off a Cauſe as well as a Navy.

Then to Horſe, &c.

For they have, &c.

12.

How Honour and Honeſty Dogs can unite,
 For their Country's Sake, they'll ſteal, plunder, and
 (bite ;
 Themſelves and their Whelps they enrich for their
 (Good,
 And make Monarchs great by ſhedding their Blood ;
 Yet ſo eager for Gain — the white Staff take away,
 They hunt dear *Vulpone* for a rank Beaſt of Prey.
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

13.

Then *Tory*, poor *Tory*, never hope to prevail,
 You're beat from the Pack with a Shoe at your Tail ;
 Go learn to plead Conſcience, when you cheat, lie,
 (and cant,
 And plunder the Publick with the Looks of a Saint ;
 If you join the old Set, with new Principles fit ye,
 Stick at nothing that's baſe, you'll beo' th Committee.
Then to Horſe, loyal Hearts, left the Round-heads deceive ye,
For they have the Dogs, and are riding tantivy.

A new Ballad.

To the Tune of the Black-Smith.

SINCE Monarchs were Monarchs, it never was
 (known,
 That ſo little Power belong'd to a Crown,
 Or that, made by a Mob, they may ſo be pull'd down,
Which no Body dares deny.
 How the People come by it, may ſeem ſomewhat odd,
 But an orthodox Preacher by the Se—te allow'd,
 Has given them this Right 'till now thought in God,
Which no Body, &c.
 Says

Says the *Rights* of the *Church*, and this *Teacher*, Mankind
Are to God and their King by Contract confin'd,
Which, if it be not mutual, never can bind,

Which no Body, &c.

Nay, supposing it so, and both Sides agreed,
Should the People repent, and demand to be freed,
Cry the *Covenant's* broke, and so cancel the Deed,

Which no Body, &c.

Of this new-reviv'd Doctrine some still were in Doubt,
By a Prelate Preacher so bandy'd about,

'Till the P——nt met, and have made it all out,

Which no Body, &c.

The H—se was but thin, and their Questions but few,
While the Money was giving, they'd nothing to do,
To stir up the People to chuse them a-new,

Which no Body, &c.

Crys a Party-man sily, Pray where will this tend,
If a whole Winter-Se—ns so quietly end?

'Tis by Bustle and Noise we gull Country Friend,

Which no Body, &c.

Here's a politick Parson of late does pretend
To shew the Q—n's Right from God does descend,
A mischievous Doctrine, and very ill penn'd,

Which no Body, &c.

Let this be the Theme of our present Debate,
To humble such Parsons, and not let them prate,
For the Bible has nothing to do with our St—e,

Which no Body, &c.

The Motion was lik'd, and they take special Care,
To shew they design'd no Mortal to spare,
For as Patron to him, they arraign my Lord M—r,

Which no Body, &c.

He frighten'd, when t'other's in Custody taken,
The Orders he gave, has wisely forsaken;
So the Doctor was lurch'd, and the M—r sav'd his

(Bacon,

Which no Body, &c.

But

But hold, crys a Member, I think we've all err'd,
 'Cause the Man's a Fool to strike at the whole Herd,
 And therefore to mend it, let's have one prefer'd,

Which no Body, &c.

The Q—n can't refuse such a pious Address,
 She'll make him a Bishop, she can do no less,
 For he raises the People, and her does depresso,

Which no Body, &c.

The Party was mightily pleas'd with this Speech,
 And vote, (that all Parsons may learn how to preach)
 This Man to promote, and the other im—ch,

Which no Body, &c.

This loyal Resolve is brought up to the L—ds,
 To which the Majority streightway accord,
 And agree that such Principles should be abhor'd,

Which no Body, &c.

That for preaching this Doctrine he should be paid
 (Home,
 To be try'd at the Bar of their H—se, he should come,
 Where for half of the Co——s they could not find

(Room,

Which no Body, &c.

Which the Co——s debate, and at last give their
 (Voice,

That *Westminster-Hall* is the Place of their Choice;
 For if done there in Form, 'twill make the more
 (Noise,

Which no Body, &c.

The L—ds to this Matter gave no more Denial,
 But Scaffolds erect for a more solemn T—al,
 That the Ladies, and Co——s, and Folks may be

(by all,

Which no Body, &c.

To work in a Hurry Sir *Christopher* falls,
 And fetches his Men and his Boards from *St. Paul's*;
 I'm glad at my Heart they pass'd clear by *White-hall*,

Which no Body, &c.

This

This Whim is to cost us full three thousand Pounds,
And the *Queen* is to hear on what Foot she was
(crown'd,
Whether she, or the People, are like to get Ground,
Which no Body, &c.
But, Nobles, take Care you rue not the Hour,
When the *Co——ns* were thus put in Mind of their
(*Power,*
Impeaching's a Thing that has made you look sour,
Which no Body, &c.

The Westminster-Combat.

I.
TIS odd to conceive what a War has been wag'd
 Among the late C——ns of *Britain*,
 Where Whig and Low-flyers so hotly engag'd,
 Good Principles soon to get rid on.

2.
They fought, and did battel a certain Divine,
So furious in *Westminster-hall*,
That the Trophies and Triumphs from *Danube* and
Hung shatter'd and ready to fall. (Rhine

3.
He preach'd, as 'tis said, at the City's St. Paul,
With a wicked and vicious Intent,
To stir up the People to break down the Walls
Of Peace and just Government.

4.
For not to resist, you know is the Way
To destroy the Peace of the Nation;
And not to rebel, is truly to say
You spurn at true Moderation.

5.
Therefore to prevent such a mischievous Blunder,
Which the Parsons so often commit,

The *Puffe* is rais'd, and the C——ns out-thunder
New Votes to guard the Pulpit.

6.

The Doctor's arraign'd of high Crimes and Trans-
For preaching such damnable Things, (gressions,
And the rest of the Order must hate all Expressions
Which encourage Obedience to K—s.

7.

And to suppress such a pestilent Notion
Which scandals the Rights of the People,
Their *Armies* are marshall'd, and now upon *Motion*,
To pull down the C——es with Steeples.

8.

The first that assaulted was valiant Sir *J——*,
A Warrior of famous Renown,
Who fir'd a Volley of Words without mean,
Then trembling sat himself down.

9.

Then *D——n*, his Second, quite out of his Reason,
To see the chief Art — such a Buffle,
With Lyon-like Rage endeavours to seize on
The Doctor and's Cause in the Scuffle.

10.

The next that appear'd was the learned Sir *P——*,
In Antiquity skilful and great,
Who pour'd such Charges that wounded much deeper,
But yet he was woundily beat.

11.

Then him to relieve, does *L——re* aspire,
With *J——l*, a Judge in the *West*,
Who bluster'd and rav'd, and swore they would fire
The Doctrine as well as the Priest.

12.

Lord *W——m* comes next, most nicely equipt,
With Musquet and Ball in his Hand;
But alas! of his Powder and Flint he was stript,
And therefore was put to a Stand.

13. *St——e*

13.

St——e impatient, no longer could bear
 To see his own Troops disappointed,
 But storms, and discharges, and rattles i' th' Air
 Against K—s, and all that's anointed.

14.

Then comes Mr. C——r, as Part of the Rout,
 Well known in an eminent Cause,
 And fights with his Friends most brave and most *stout*
 'Gainst Loyalty passive and L—s.

15.

But the fiercest and keenest of all the Commanders
 Was trusty Sir T——s of D——y,
 Who Prowess and Courage surpriz'd the By-standers,
 Because a C—— J—— was hard by.

16.

For W——le and S——b, and the rest of the Clan,
 Who the Doctor so bravely accosted,
 Their Exploits were so mean, and their Actions so vain,
 That they all deserve to be posted.

17.

To these may be added another Brigade
 Of B——ps and Temporal L—ds,
 Whose *Weapons* were ready, whose *Speeches* were made,
 Full charg'd, not with Sense, but with Words.

18.

These all with a Fury becoming their Zeal,
 For Liberty and Moderation,
 Did fight, and were beat, their Arguments fail,
 To the Pleasure and Joy of the N—n.

19.

The Doctor, whose Army was small, but surprising,
 Did totally them overthrow;
 They smote him i' th' Arse, but still his uprising
 Is owing to that lucky Blow.

20.

The Mob of his Side, the Ladies appear
 All over the Town in his Favour;

D 2

Which

Which galls the poor M—rs hanging their Ear
Like G—r—d, or any false Brother.

21.

Dejected and scorn'd, they wander about,
Poor Wretches, forlorn and forsaken;
Upbraided and banter'd with Jeer and with Flout,
Because they were happ'ly mistaken.

22.

And may all the M——rs meet with such Chance,
And be laugh'd at in Country and Town,
Who so basely intend, and so rudely advance
To beat loyal Principles down.

*Another Elegy on the Death of John Dolben,
Esq; Manager in chief at the Tryal of Dr.
Sacheverell. By Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq;*

WEEP, all you *Schismatics*, since he is gone,
That was your Hope, your Prop, and Cor-
(ner-Stone;

Republick Schemes no longer hand about,
For Death, in all your Shapes, will find you out.
Cannot the *M--n--g--rs* then rest at Ease,
But the grim Tyrant must disturb *their* Peace?
So *Lennard* trod the horrid Path before
Where *Dolben's* gone, and so will many more.
When the fierce King of Terrors gripes the Man,
He finds his lov'd *Resistance* is in vain;
Passive-Obedience then he courts too late,
For *Death's* coercive Pow'r has seal'd his Fate.
Thus, who 'gainst *Right divine* most warmly strive,
Only for publick Instances of Justice live,
'Till Providence, prepar'd to shew her Pow'r,
Cuts off the Boaster in a thoughtless Hour;
For he that his first Principles does quit,
Seldom's permitted to repent of it.

A Church-man's Son, that basely can resign
 For the Mob's Pow'r, a Right he knows divine,
 Can never think to meet with a Reprieve;
 For that would be a Crime in *any* Pow'r to give.
 His sacred Sire would be asham'd to see
 A Son of his contend 'gainst Royalty;
 Much more to see him pull the Mitre down,
 And trample on the Honour of the Crown.
 From such a Father, rarely it is known,
 Was e'er produc'd so false and base a Son;
 False to the Church, his Brethren, and the Laws;
 False to his Friend, and false in ev'ry Cause.
 The treach'rous Arts in Gaining first he lov'd,
 Which was in *India* afterwards improv'd;
 From thence his *Heathen* Politicks he drew,
 And into *Christian* modell'd them anew.
 Now for a St—sin—n he was well equipp'd,
 Of Honour, Conscience, and Religion stripp'd;
 The Church and Church-men were a daily Jest,
 And his Diversion *roasting of a Priest*;
 But the sweet **Sawce** that most regal'd his Taste,
 Was, a fat Pension, that he gain'd at last.
 Weep then, ye friendly *W—gs*, his sudden Fall,
 But first repent, e'er Death o'ertake you all;
 Ere you the Fruits of Persecution see,
 And all th' Effects of passive Loyalty;
 Ere all true Church-men have address'd the Throne,
 And Duty from Disloyalty be known,
 The Mitre flourishing beneath the Crown.

HIS EPITAPH.

HERE lies a Member both of Church and State,
 Who yet from neither did receive his Fate;
 But making about both a mighty Pother,
 Death nick'd him in a Trice, like a false Brother;
 Nor gave him Time to say, Forgive me, Mother!

Take

*Take Warning hence, all who the Church betray,
Left for your Conscience you too dearly pay.*

*To th' Learn'd and Rev'rend Doctor Hoadly,
The quaint Petition of the Godly,*

MOST humbly sheweth, That whereas
Our Cause is better than it was
Before the happy Revolution,
When the Saints dream'd of Persecution,
And did, for fundry Reasons, fear
The Pope and Devil were too near ;
But since, by your authentick teaching,
As well by scribbling, as by preaching,
Assisted by our own Industry,
With much ado we've got the Mast'ry ;
And that the Wisdom of the Nation,
To shew their thankful Approbation
Of the sound Doctrines you have sown,
To undermine both Church and Crown,
Drawn from those learn'd and holy Fathers,
Hobs, Calvin, Leiden, Jobn, and others ;
And that to recompence your best
Endeavours to besoul your Nest,
They've chose you as the only Guide,
That must in spite be dignify'd,
In *Hopes Sacheverell* thereby
May see how he has trod awry,
And learn to stretch the holy Word
To what's destructive and absurd.

We therefore pray, when they have rais'd you,
Who have so highly thank'd and prais'd you,
That you'll continue still to be
A zealous true Church-Enemy,
Preach up those Principles that now
Your Tongue and Pen alike avow ;

Teach

Teach Subjects how to grow rebellious,
 And turn obstrep'rous *Massanello's* ;
 Make Servants level with their Masters,
 And set the Flock above their Pastors ;
 Pervert the Text from Good to Evil,
 And mangle Truth to serve the Devil,
 That Nonsense, Atheism, and Confusion,
 May work some farther Revolution.

Then, as in Duty bound, we'll pray,
 That you may see that happy Day,
 When you'll b' exalted God knows whither,
 And *Paul Lorrain* attend you thither.

John Fox, a zealous Moderator ;
Tom Sly, a Friend to th' *Observer* ;
Jo Cant, a rigid Presbyterian ;
Will Snug, a Rogue you seldom hear on ;
Sam Stiff, an Anabaptist Teacher ;
Frank Bray, a true time-serving Preacher ;
Elias Crump, a Camisarian ;
Tim Mutable, an Any-thing-arian ;
Kit Grasp, a Lover of his Pelf ;
Bob Query, Atheist, like your self.

The FUNTO.

AT Dead of Night, when peaceful Spirits sleep,
 And undisturb'd a peaceful Sabbath keep,
 When only Fiends their baleful Looks display,
 Impatient of Discov'ries from the Day,
 The *Funto* sate, in the N——th——rian Dome,
 Studious of Mischiefs, and of Ills to come.
 The President, as usual, fill'd the Chair,
 With serious Aspect, and malignant Air,
 Diseas'd in Body, and disturb'd in Soul,
 The one as much unclean, as t'other foul

On his right Hand was old *Vulpone* plac'd,
 With Wealth, and ev'ry Thing but *Merit* grac'd:
 A Man whose Arts, and undiscover'd Wiles,
 Had vested him with wrong'd *Britannia's* Spoils;
 And whose all powerful and commanding *Wand*,
 Like *Aaron's*, had distress'd and vex'd the Land.
 The Mansion's *fluttering* Lord and Master next
 Was on the Left on his Posteriors fixt,
 And with a *grinning* Countenance survey'd
 What Schemes were drawn up, and what Plans were
 (laid ;

As he made Signs and Tokens all was safe
 By his *extempore* Smiles, and thoughtless laugh.
 Near him the Bully *Vice-Roy* cock'd his Hat,
 And prattl'd like a Mountebank of State ;
 Of Feats he o'er the Herring-pond had done,
 And Profelytes to Mother Faction won ;
 Of breaking thro' a solemn *Stipulation*,
 And forcing *Consciences*, by way of *Toleration*.
 Nor was there Se——ry from his *Post*,
 Without his intermeddling, all'd be lost ;
 A *Peer* to be deduc'd to future Ages,
 For buying *Books*, and reading *Title-Pages* ;
 For *Elzivers* and *Aldus's* entire,
 And being full as *honest* as his *Sire*.
 The sixth and last was a presumptuous Lord,
 More fit for *College-Crusts*, than *Council-Board* ;
 A *Pirate* of a *Peer*, whose borrow'd Praise
 Proceeds from others Schemes, and others Lays ;
 Since he now sits in Senate's Upper House,
 By *Murray's* Projects, and by *Prior's* Mouse.

*On the French King.**B U Z.*

SO represented, have I seen
 On Puppet-Stage, a mimick King ;
 The manag'd Engin seem'd to speak
 With Voice unfeign'd, and Movements make,
 But 'tis thro' an ambiguous Light,
 The lifeless Image cheats the Sight,
 Whilst secret Wire, and hidden Spring,
 Directs the artificial Thing.
 The Royal Eccho thus rebounds,
 Words not his own, in borrow'd Sounds.
 So formerly the Devil spoke
 His curst Lies thro' Heart of Oak.
 The passive Timber guiltless utter'd
 Whate'er th' enchanting Spirit mutter'd,
M U M.

The Save-Alls.

WHILE Faction with its baleful Breath proclaims
 The loud Applause of undeserving Names,
 And crys up Tenets that Rebellion teach,
 From *H—ly's* Writings, and from *S—* Speech,
 The Muse obedient to her Prince should rise,
 To bear transcendent Merit to the Skies ;
 And Truth's Defenders piously deduce,
 From Time to Time, for future Ages Use.

O *A—a!* could'st thou but a while regard
 Some Patriots Vows, and let their Pray'rs be heard ;
 Could'st thou but once thy gracious Favours deign
 To Doctrines that support thy glorious Reign,
B— would not the sacred Lawn disgrace,
 By preaching up Resistance to thy Face ;

*E**Nor*

Nor in thy C——t Republicans be seen,
 To wrong their Country, and deceive their Q——;
 But R——er, restor'd from his Disgrace,
 Would be thy D——ty in W——n's Place;
 And sam'd S——ll unsuspended be,
 Possess'd of some fat wealthy B——p's See.

Yet though, for some Offences yet unknown,
 Heav'n bears with such as these too near the T——e;
 Tho' Loyalty, for some Time, must give Place
 To faithless Anarchy's triumphant Race,
 And B——, to the Scandal of their Coat,
 Against the Apostle's Exhortation vote;
 As most of them, altho' the Cause is Heav'n's,
 Have left the Church at Sixes and at Sevens,
 Justice forbids that we should Vertue wrong,
 Or rob Religion's Champion of their Song,
 Who for their own and Monarch's Rights have stood
 Knavishly bold, and desperately good;
 And fearful of Prerogative's Invasion,
 Are justly stil'd *The Save-Alls of the Nation*.

Such is the dauntless York, whose silver Hairs
 Are crown'd with Learning equal to his Years;
 Of Post exalted, yet of humble Mind,
 Studious of Good, beneficent and kind;
 As meek as Moses, and as Joshua brave,
 When call'd to suffer, or when call'd to save.
 Fix'd on himself, immoveable and true,
 He treads the Steps he bids us to pursue;
 As undebauch'd by Courtiers Smiles or Frowns,
 He stands by God's Prerogative and the Crown's.
 The same his Precepts which of old he taught,
 From Reason and from Revelation brought.
 His Language copious, and his Meaning strong,
 His Heart not inconsistent with his Tongue.
 For Alms, for Arts, for Probity rever'd,
 And *guileless* as the Preacher he'd have clear'd.

Such London is, whose high descended Veins
 Admit no Tincture of seditious Stains;

Loyal

Loyal and just, as was his Sire, who fell
 A Sacrifice to Treason and to Hell;
 When Rebels their Allegiance durst disown,
 And fought against their King to guard his Throne.
 Oh! had not one of this illustrious Blood,
 Lately departed from the Paths he trod,
 And mingl'd with a base malignant Herd,
 To be of Offices of Trust preferr'd;
 What Family could more conspicuous shine
 In every Branch of its untainted Line?

Such *Durham*, whose inimitable Zeal
 For Church and Queen, and for his Country's Weal;
 Whose early Labours, and continu'd Care,
 Add Lustre to the Coronet and Chair;
 And might more noble Sentiments infuse,
 Than what are now receiv'd amongst the *Crows*.

Such *Rocheſter*, in whose unshaken Breast
 Peace, Knowledge, Loyalty divinely rest:
 For unsuspected Honesty renown'd,
 With Age, with Honour, and with Judgment }
 (crown'd; }
 His Thoughts surprizing, as their Sense is sound.
 The Pride and Advocate of *Britain's* Isle,
 As well as the Refiner of its Stile;
 Whether in Verse of * *Athens* *Plagues* he writes, }
 Or Treatises in nervous Prose indites, }
 Solemn when he harrangues, and sprightly when }
 (he bites.) }

As happy Periods his Descriptions close,
 And Satyr mix'd with Panegyrick flows,
 Whether he points at heavy † *Sorbier's* Flegm,
 Or make a || *King's Society* his Theme.

Such *Bath* and *Wells* the raptur'd Muse inspires
 With ardent Wishes, and with holy Fires;

E 2

With

* A Poem written by him.

† His Answer to a Journey to England.

|| History of the Royal Society.

With Vows which are incessantly preferr'd,
 That such a Life as his may long be spar'd ;
 May still adorn the Mitre which he wears,
 And teach his Brethren how to fill their Chairs
 The best of Prelates, and the best of Men,
 A worthy Successor to Bishop *Ken*.
 Like him, by no Consideration sway'd,
 To see his Flocks miss'd, or Church betray'd ;
 Like him, when Storms impending threaten'd bold,
 So were the Pastors of God's Church of old,
 'Till *Moderation* made Devotion cold :

A Game trump'd up by *Sectaries* of late,
 To veil their Malice, and disguise their Hate.

Such *Chester* is, from whose unerring Quill
 Eternal Truths, like heav'nly Dews, distil ;
 As soft Perswasion dwells upon his Voice,
 And plain instructive Doctrines are his Choice,
 Atheists from his Discourses Christians turn,
 And Profelytes their vicious Actions mourn,
 Unable their old Tenets to pursue,
 When he lays every Sinners Crimes in View ;
 Horror and Dread within their Breasts instils,
 And even saves their Souls against their Wills.
 To read him truly, is to read his Life,
 All of a Piece, and never known to Strife ;
 But when false Notions would take Place of true,
 And old Opinions are laid by for new,
 Then zealous on a Rock God's Church to fix,
 The youngest, not the meanest of the Six.

All or none.

A Woman grown Lousy for Want of due Care,
 Resolv'd all her former Mistakes to repair ;
 And accordingly went amongst Porters and Car-men,
 For Ways and for Means to get rid of those Vermin,
 Since

Since none could more readily give her Advice,
Than such whose Acquaintance had long been with
(Lice,

And knew where such Cattle were wont to reside,
By the Methods which they to extirpate 'em try'd.

Quoth a Fellow, whose Skill in such Myst'ries was
(deep,

And who constantly fed 'em both awake and asleep,
By the Means of a Shirt full as black as a Coal,
And by what 't had given Birth to, could very nigh
(crawl,

*Good Mistress, you've nothing to do, but go hence,
To be freed from the Creatures which give you Offence;
For if you but shift you, 'tis twenty to one
But every Creeper troops off, and is gone.*

When away went the Matron, and did as he said,
But tho' she lost some, a Majority stay'd,
That grew to Increase, and engender'd again in
All the Cloths she left on, both her Woollen and
(Linnen;
Which made her outrageous, and loosen her Garters,
To pull off her Stockings, that gave 'em good Quar-
(ters;

But that would not do, still they kept their Abode,
While she had her Stays on, or Gown, or her Commode.
*Woes me, cry'd the Female, what must I do next?
The more I pull off, still the more I'm perplext.
Oh! that's a Mistake, said a Wench that stood by,
For none has a better Expedient than I;
Off at once with your Stays, and your Headcloths, and Gown,
That all that hang on 'em may burn or may drown;
For if others are put on but spick and span new,
Not a Louse will come near 'em, or be in your View.*

The Woman consider'd, and paus'd on the Matter,
For fear some ill Accident might happen after;
And when she had her old Equipage lost,
The new ones might harbour more Lice, to her Cost:

At

At last she took Heart, and resolving to do't,
Was as clean as a Penny from her Head to her Foot.

Advice to the ———

O ———! think, thou poor unhappy ———
How thou'rt surrounded by a vile Brood of
(Men;
Rebels to Monarchy, sworn Foes to God;
Serpents and Vipers that would drink thy Blood;
Whose Principles took off thy G——fire's Head,
And from whose Rage thy unhappy Father fled,
Forc'd in a foreign Land to beg his Bread. }
And canst thou warm these Snakes within thy
(Breast?

Are they alone to be with thy Favours blest?
Sure thou forget'st the former Hate they shew'd
To thee thy self, as well as all thy Blood:
With what Derision they thy Person scorn'd;
How with thy Name their Satyrs were adorn'd:
Or dost thou vainly think, by Acts of Love,
The Hearts of these thy Enemies to move?
Ah! thou mistak'st, they're ne'er to be oblig'd,
Sun-shine does only give their Stings an Edge.
This fatal Truth thy Royal Uncle found,
Who all their Hopes with highest Favours crown'd;
Forgave their Punishment to Law they ow'd,
And in a thousand Ways his Mercy shew'd;
Yet all in vain; still with obdurate Hate,
And restless Malice, they embroil'd his State;
Strove by unheard of Plots, his Life to gain,
And with eternal Discord fill'd his Reign.

Awake then, ——— and exert the ———
Show 'em thou'rt fit to be a Sovereign;
Discard the impious Race, whose Threats defy
Thy m——ck Pow'r, and mock thy M——y:
Who

Who thy hereditary Right dethrone,
 And make thee a mere Puppet of their own,
 At Will to set up, or be taken down:
 Who, to dispute thy lawful Orders, dare,
 And judge for thee who shall thy Favours share.
 Not so they dar'd, when Great *Eliza's* Hand
 The Scepter of these Kingdoms did command:
 If her just Will a Subject disobey'd,
 She bravely struck the Rebel-Traytor dead.
 Oh! that thou would'st her glorious Footsteps tread,
 Then might'st thou save thy now devoted —
 Love, Mercy, Goodness, Piety, are thine,
 Thou want'st but Courage, and thou'rt all divine;
 Fear not, whole Myriads in thy Cause will join.

British *Loyalty display'd*:

O R,

The Church in Glory.

WHat a Pox ail the *W*—s, thus to trouble our
 (Peace,
 For the Crew from *Rebellion* here never would cease.
 'Tis true, whilst great *ANNA* in Glory does reign,
 The Rights of our *Church* she will ever maintain.
 The true *Christian Church* she will always defend,
 And to the Religious will prove a true Friend.
 But yet our base Foes can't let us alone,
 For they long'd for the Faction of dam'd *Forty-One*.
 How now, my L—d *W*——! How came it about,
 That you of *S*——'s Doctrine shou'd doubt?
 O! the Pinnacle's high where *Bow-Bells* do ring,
 Here's a Health to *S*——'s and God bless the
 (Queen.
 Well

We'll sing and carouse, and we'll heartily pray, a
That the *CHURCH* may stand firm, for e'er and
(Day.

We'll join these three Persons, we'll put them in
(one,

For they're true to *Old England*, and true to the
(Crown.

So grant we may shun th' unfortunate Fate,
Of murdering Monarchs in sad *Forty-Eight*.

Then let the *D——ters* unto us give Ear,
For the *Church* loves the *Queen*, and the *Church* is
(her Care.

F I N I S.

A
COLLECTION
O F
P O E M S, &c.

FOR and AGAINST

Dr. Sacheverell.

The Second P A R T.



L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year M D C C X.

UNITED STATES

OF DISTRICT COLUMBIA

IN SENATE

COMMITTEE ON

EDUCATION

A
COLLECTION
OF
P O E M S, &c.

The Seven Extinguishers.

THE *Calve's-Head Brawny C*—— leads the Van,
 Descended from a *Cameronian Clan*;
 Out of whose lowest Dregs he basely sprung,
 Gifted with all the *Frauds* of *Heart and Tongue* ;
 And sworn, like Infant *Hannibal*, to bear
 Eternal Hatred to the *Roman Chair* ;
 As *he*, in Life's most inauspicious Dawn,
 Rencunc'd the *M*——r, and abjur'd the *L*—— ;
 Tho' some Years since, the *M*——r broke his Oath,
 And lives a *Burning Se*——l to 'em both.
 If those the worst of Characters deserve,
 That from the sacred Office meanly swerve,
 And to the best of Churches give Offence,
False to their *God*, their *Master*, and their *Prince*.

A *Quack-Divine* this motly *P*—— succeeds,
 That more of *Galen*, than the *Bible*, reads ;
 That *Herbs* and *Plants*, instead of *Texts*, pursues,
 A *Gessip* for *Prescriptions*, and for *News* ;

As *he*, from House to House, for *Patients* strols,
 And kills their Bodies, who should save their Souls;
 While *he* the Tide of Contradiction stems,
 By preaching up the *Doctrines* he condemns;
 And for a *new Translation* in his Eye,
 Takes part with such as *Gospel-Truths* decry.

Room for a *Third*, who *Nature's Law* has taught,
 And Orthodox Opinions held and wrote;
 Tho' against *Nature* now we see him err,
 By choosing Schemes *Republicans* prefer;
 Which *Disobedience* to their Princes teach,
 And those that urge Allegiance home, *impeach*.
 Oh! let not our Disgrace in *Gath* be told,
 Nor *Askalon* its dire Remembrance hold;
 From *Gallick Ears*, th' important Truth detain,
 And far be our Ingratitude from *Spain*;
 Lest *Philistines* (triumphant in our Shame)
 Laugh at our *Factions*, and our *Feuds* proclaim;
 Lest *Britain's* Foe deride our civil Broils,
 And Joy to see us caught in one another's *Toils*!
 As *he* votes for *Resistance* to the Queen,
 To side with the *Affertions* of his D——n;
 Who even *Royal Murther* dares applaud,
 If *Kings* will not be by their *Subjects* aw'd:
 A P——st that has to Fr——n's Stall a Right;
 Tho' C——'s no *Successor* for *White*.

Like *him*, the *Fourth Eusebia's* Cause forsakes,
 And Speeches in Defence of *Calvin* makes;
 A two Face P——, whose erected Look,
 Might well become the *Crozier* and the *Crook*,
 Had *he* not lately in Defence arose
 Of *Tenets*, which the *Hierarchy* oppose,
 And made fam'd *Alma Mater* blush to own
 That she had such a *Father* of a *Son*;
 Faithless, when *Int'rest* bids him shift the Scene,
 And just as good a B—— as a D——n.

The *Fifth*, with sanctimonious Visage, draws
 Plans, to uphold the Breach of ancient Laws;

Whole

Whole Volumes against *Att*———ry writes ;
 Just so the Serpent, when the File she Bites,
 And, as she bleeds herself, in t'other's Blood delights ! }
 Strange Madness ! in some *Writings* to maintain,
 That a late King *unlimited* should reign ;
 Should have no *Convocation* for his Guide,
 But set its Meeting and its Use aside ;
 Whene'er that *Favo'rite Monarch* thought it fit,
Religion to *State-Reasons* should submit ;
 And to lay down in *others*, that a Prince
 Should not be *absolute* in any Sense,
 As *he* admits the *People* to resist,
 And Subjects to commit what Subjects list ;
 Even when a rightful Princess fills the Throne
 By *God's* (and not the *People's*) Voice, her own ;
 And does such Wonders for her Kingdoms sake ;
 Sure he must be asleep, and not awake !

The *Sixth* demurely tells the M——d B——,
He's neither fam'd for Merit or for Sense ;
 Yet he must hold, and own it on occasion,
 That he that speaks against the *Toleration*, }
 Acts most *intolerably* by the Nation.
 For how should such as *he*, for *Truth*, assert,
 That Subjects from their Duty may depart ?
 May with *coercive Power* the *Throne* environ,
 And rule their lawful King with Rods of Iron ?
 If Men should other Arguments espouse,
 And he not speak his Mind in S—— House !
 'Tis true, the *first Assertion* we admit, }
 And own the P—— void of *Worth* and *Wit*,
 Hold with him, that he's for a B——k unfit ; }
 But must remind him with as grave an Air,
 Such Doctrines ill become the sacred Ch——r,
 Lest what some *Revolutions* bring about,
 Should turn an undeserving B—— out,
 And People may be giv'n to understand,
 That he not taught, but learnt from S——.

The *Sev'nth*, by far more modest than the rest,
 Has kept his Arguments within his Breast;
 Not vented 'em thro' Country, and thro' Town,
 To shame the *Clergy*, and disgrace the *Gown* :
 As *be St. Austin's* Precepts has observ'd,
 Not to make others swerve from *Truths* he swerv'd ;
 Not, but that his Voice has equally been giv'n,
 To oppose and contradict the Voice of Heav'n ;
 And run down *Maxims* uncontested long,
 That *Princes* cannot err, or *Kings* do wrong :
 As *he* with others, too observant, joins
 To bring about *Republican* Designs ;
 And *Pur-blind*, in his Country's Cause forbears
 To see thro' their Pretensions and their Snares,
 As in the C——'s Fall, *his* Fall must follow hers. }

Oh ! whither is the Church's Genius fled,
 That reign'd when *Sanicroft* rul'd it as its Head !
 When *Ken*, like *Moses*, to God's Will resign'd,
 Kept it unshaken by the *Waves* and *Wind* !
 When *Lake*, when *Turner*, and when *Frampton* strove,
 Who should the most display paternal Love ;
 And by a stedfast Honesty, declare
 Their spotless Duty, and unweari'd Care !
 Alas ! its Beams are lost in endless Night,
 And *Faction's* baleful Damps *extinguish Gospel-Light* !

*A Receipt to dress a Parson after the newest
 Fashion ; said to be laid under Sir P—K—'s
 Plate at a publick Entertainment, instead of a
 Bill of Fare.*

When you have a fat Parson that's fleshy and new,
 For plain common Stomachs, bare * *Roast-*
(ing will do.

* *The Mob-Cry of the Party.*

But then for the *Palate* of some *Squeamish Members*,
 You must griddle or † *broil* him on *Juniper Embers* ;
 And in order to make it more easily to pass,
 You must cut him and slash him first at the || *Cut's*
 (*Arse*).

If any one still is more curiously fed,
 The Height of the Mode is to * *boil him in Lead* ;
 And if you'll have ev'ry Thing answer Desire,
 With the Bible and Homilies make up the Fire.
 When thus you have done, and are ready to sup,
 With Sippets of Whigs you must strait dish him up :
 But still, after all your Care in the Dressing,
 Be sure get a Pair of L—n-Sleeves to crave Blessing ;
 And when you have done, without finding Fault,
 Eat him up piping hot with Pepper or Salt ;
 If he doth not set easy, without any Question,
 A Dram of † *Geneva* may help the Digestion.
Nota bene, however, that when he is slic'd,
 And salten, and beaten, and pepper'd, and spic'd,
 As the wiser *Italians* of Cucumbers say,
 You had best, after all, to throw him away ;
 For 't'as lately been try'd, on a certain Occasion,
 By most of the Can——ls of the whole Nation,
 Dress him never so long, to make him the more fit,
 He'll ride on your Stomach, and give you a Surfeit ;
 For tho' a whole Month they have taken to cook him,
 Before he's digested, 'tis thought, he will choak 'em.

† *Sir Stephen Le——d's Sayings.*

|| *Mr. Bul——n's Saying.*

* *A Devonshire Whig's Say'ng.*

† *A Spirit which the Soldiers in Flanders drink, instead of Brandy.*

A Copy of Verses, written in a Common-Prayer-Book, presented to a Lady in 1644. upon her building a Closet for her Books.

SInce it has lately pleas'd our new-born State,
 The *Common-Prayer-Book* t' excommunicate,
 To turn it out of all, as if it were
 Some grand *Malignant*, or some *Cavalier* ;
 Since in our *Churches* 'tis by them forbid
 To say such *Pray'r's* as our *Fore-fathers* did,
 So that *God's House* must now be call'd no more
 The *House of Pray'r*, tho' e'er so call'd before ;
 As if these *Christians* were resolv'd to use
 That *House* for *Merchandize*, or *publick Stews*,
 Worse than their *Ancestors* the *stiff-neck'd Jews*.
 Since that of *Pray'r's* of *Christ* may now be said,
 It wants a *Place* whereon to lay its *Head* ;
 I can't but choose t' admire your pious *Care*
 To build your *Closet* for distressed *Pray'r* ;
 Which here in mourning *Clad*, presents it self,
 Begging some little *Corner* on your *Shelf* ;
 For since 'tis banish'd from all publick *View*,
 There's none dare entertain't but such as you.

How *Times* and *Men* are chang'd ! Who would
 (have thought

To've seen our *Service-Book* thus set at nought ?
 A *Book* worth *Gold*, if rightly understood,
 Compos'd by *Martyrs*, sealed with their *Blood* ;
 Once burnt by *Papists*, for no other *Cause*,
 But that it was repugnant to their *Laws* ;
 Now by the *Zealots* 'tis condemn'd to die,
 Because, forsooth, they think it *Popery*.
 Thus then we see the *Golden Mean* despis'd,
 And how 'twixt *Thieves*, like *Christ*, 'tis crucify'd :
 Yet cease to wonder, we see stranger *Things*,
Kings are the *Subjects*, and the *Subjects Kings*.

The

The meanest Sort, alas! usurp their Pow'r,
 And th' *Upper House* is now beneath the *Low'r*;
 The Head beneath the Feet; they wear the *Crown*,
 And thus we see the World turn'd upside down.
 Now Learning does give Place to Ignorance,
 And Statute-Laws to each wild Ordinance;
Religion to prophane, Rites, Vain-glory,
 The Common-Pray'r-Book to a Directory.
 No Man dares preach against Rebellion now;
 Nor can we pray as we were wont to do.
 All Things are in Disorder, and I fear
 Are like to be, 'till we be as we were;
 'Till *Kings* be *Kings* once more, and 'till we see
 The Church enjoy her ancient Liberty;
 'Till Bishops do return to end this Stir
 'Twixt th' *Independent* and the *Presbyter*;
 'Till Loyalty be had in more Regard,
 And 'till Rebellion have its just Reward.
 And that these Times shall come, we'll not despair;
 For this and more may be obtain'd by Pray'r.

A Copy of Verses in Answer to N. F. G. Gent.

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

YE *Vicars*, and *Curates*, and *Lecturers* all,
 Make Haste, and repair unto *Westminster-hall*;
 For there you may hear, ev'ry one if you will,
 No Tryal at Bar, but a Tryal of Skill;
 For Low-Church and High,
 Their Strength are to try,
 Where Queen, Lord's, and Commons are all to be by.
 O! 'Chev'rell, O! 'Chev'rell, 'tis all long of thee,
 Thoud'ft better be hang'd upon the tripple Tree.
 For 'Chev'rell of *Southwark* a Sermon has preach'd,
 For which he now stands by the Commons impeach'd,
 B 'Cause

'Cause it was suspected his Sermon was meant
Against our good Queen, and her good Government ;
Which if it appears
Before our wise Peers,

'Tis thought he can scarcely escape with his Ears.

O! 'Chev'rell, O! 'Chev'rell, 'twere better for thee,
That thou had'st been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.
It now may be found, that some Notions and Words
May pass the Lord's House, but not the House of Lords.
Your Priest-riding Doctrine is quite out of Date,
'Tho' early you learnt it, you teach it too late ;
And mark what I cry,

Ye Church-men that fly,
The lower you fall, still the more you'll mount high.

O! 'Chev'rell, O! 'Chev'rell, 'twere better for thee,
That thou had'st been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.
But look what a Change of Affairs is here come,
Which shows us some Men are much frailer than some;
His Judges, 'tis true, have the Criminal cast,
But then, what a Sentence d'ye think they have past ?
For strangely inclin'd

To condemn, yet be kind,
Their Punishment's lame, as their Justice is blind.

O! 'Chev'rell, O! 'Chev'rell, 'twere better for thee,
If thou had'st been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.
His Cure is turn'd *Sine Cure* for his Offence,
With nothing to do but to pick up the good Pence ;
Wherefore, 'tis believ'd, when he preaches next,
He'll take special Care not to alter his Text.

'Tho' in Perils was he,
As much as might be,
Yet by some false Brethren he quite was set free.

O! 'Chev'rell, O! 'Chev'rell, 'twere better for thee,
If thou had'st been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.

Ye *Vicars*, and *Curates*, and *Lecturers* all,
May go back again now from *Westminster-hall*,
Sedition preach up, at the Government rail,
No Danger shall follow your ill-temper'd Zeal ;

For

For far from discarded,
 You shall be rewarded.
 And God knows by whom, be at length much regarded.
 O! 'Chev'rell, O! 'Chev'rell, 'twere better for thee,
 If thou had'it been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.

A late Dialogue between Dr. Burges, and Daniel d'Foe, in a Cyder-Cellar near Billingsgate, concerning the Times.

Q Uoth *Daniel* the Doctor, to *Daniel d'Foe*,
 I pray, Brother, tell me how Matters do go,
 And which gets the better, the High or the Low? }

Dan. In Troth I can't tell, but fearfully doubt
 The Devil will have it, we all must turn out;
 One Friend we have lost that stuck closely to us,
 And the fatal *Remove* may help to undo us.

Dr. Avert it, good Heaven, for what will become
 (on's,
 If the Heads of our Party be brought to the Summons?
 If a Parliament high should fall to impeaching,

Dan. Then farewell short Cloaks, and extempore
 (Preaching;
 Thy Neck and mine, — *Dr.* must come to the Stretch,
 And for opposing of *Jack*, *Dan.* be punish'd by *Ketch*,
 No more *Calves-head-Clubs* shall meet at the *Proctor's*,
 No more *Sequestration*, nor *roasting* of Doctors.

I confess 'twas a very untowardly Hit,
 That twenty such * *Cooks* should be beat with the Spit.

Dr. Well, let's not despair, I'll preach. *Dan.* And
 (I'll write,

But the Devil a Jot will they edify by't;
 For all I can say, their Reason controuls
 No more, than your *preaching* does Good to their Souls.

Addresses run on in such *high-flying* Fits,
 That at last they have run themselves out of their
 (Wits;

Hereditary Right to uphold and dispute,
 Which I have set 'em to *prove*, but find they can't do't.
 Prerogative Royal they resolve to support,
 And want a new House to make a new Court.
 Now who, in their Senses, can tell what they mean,
 But to ruin the Nation, and banter the Queen?
Republican Principles all do renounce,
 And so— *Dr.* the *old Cause* — *Dan.* is blasted at once.

Dr. How are we in Number? *Dan.* That's hard
 (to be told;
 The Champions that stood it so brave, and so bold,
 Their *Spirits* are sunk, and their *Zeal* is grown cold.

Dr. I fear the late Tryal, — *Dan.* has ruin'd
 (us quite,
 The Doctor's *Come-off* was a damnable Bite.

Dr. Had he been hang'd, *Dan.* then all had
 (right.

Dr. Pray what do they say o' th' *Occasional Bill*?
 Will't come on again? *Dan.* 'Tis doubted it will.

Dr. Why then we're undone. — But sure our good
 (Queen

By no ill Advice can be so overseen,
 T' oppress tender Consciences; for that's persecuting
 The Saints of the Lord, beyond all disputing;
 If a holy Brother, of any Perswasion,
 Can't stretch his Conscience to serve an *Occasion*,
 Nor obtain of her *Majesty* such a small *Grace*
 As the damning his *Soul*, to get him a Place.

Dan. You say very right, for 'tis an *evil Intent*
 To force us to *Heaven* against our Consent;
 And if the broad Way we had rather pursue,
 Why should the Devil be wrong'd of his *Due*?
 Come, here's a good Health to all of our Party,
 The *Bishops*, and others. *Dr.* I thank ye most heart'ly.

Dan.

Dan. Let the rest take their Swing, as Time shall
 (allot 'em,
 And ev'ry Tub stand on its own Bottom.

A Ballad on the Junto.

To the Tune of Lilly Bullero.

NOW Britains mourn,
 Your Liberty torn,
 Now *J—y* the Trickster grave *S—rs* has won,
 To assist a Great *D—s*,
 Some believe that a Witch is,
 To govern three Realms with Arms and Advices
Of Volpone, Volpone, Ch—l, and Or—d,
L—on, H—f—x, W—n, and S—
Volpone, Volpone, &c.
 Tho' by the *Q—n* she was rais'd
 Of Honour, tho' once but a Maid,
 Yet she basely her Mistress and Church has betray'd;
 For which I don't fear
 To see her hoist in the Air,
 With a Curse in her Mouth, instead of a Pray'r.
Oh! Volpone, Volpone, &c.
C—ry his Grace,
 With dull Writ in his Face,
 Must certainly have amongst them a Place,
 Or Low-flying Church
 Will be left in the Lurch,
 By such damn'd Protectors of Puritan Race
As Volpone, Volpone, &c.
 The *T—r* then
 Money must send
 To Great ——— our Towns to defend.
 Instead of fighting the *French*,
 Our Men lie in a Trench,

And

And who but Great ——— that scrapes up the Pence,
 With *Volpone, Volpone, &c.*
 While the Juntilio-Board,
 With the true loyal Lords,
 Will now be impeach'd, and hang'd up with Cords,
 For daring to oppose
 The Q——'s real Foes,
 Who then uncontroul'd may sell or depose,
 With *Volpone, Volpone, &c.*
 I'd like to have forgot
 The Mob of the Plot,
 Lady *Will.* leud H——t, and S——f——ld the Scot :
 Are not these able Pates,
 Having sold once a State,
 To think to controul of three Realms the Fate,
 With *Volpone, Volpone, &c.*
 Perkin ne'er will despair,
 If *France* Money can spare,
 'Till against all these Vipers our Q—— will declare.
 Then *Lewis le Grand*
 Will be put to a Stand,
 To find such Tools and Knaves all over the Land,
 As *Volpone, L——on, S——s, and D——r,*
S——f——ld, S——d, W——n, and H——d.

The Ghost's Admonition to the M——g——re.

BEhold, we are come from gloomy Shades below
 To visit you, and for to let you know
 The sad Disasters we have undergone,
 Since last we parted at the *rising Sun.*
 'Twas there, you know, we undertook the Thing
 To make *Cabalia* once above the Q——
 The *Church* we doubted not to ruin too.
 But that, it seems, does overcome its Foe ;
 And, I'm afraid, 'twill ruin you also.

Repent,

Repent, I say, before it is too late,
 Least Vengeance overtake you in the State:
 'Tis not your being Great, or Chief, will do,
 If Death but summons, you must also go,
 And leave behind you all your greatest Glory:
 Repent in time, I say, it is best for ye.
 There's many more are waiting, I do say,
 For Honours great, so pompous and so gay;
 But let me tell 'em, when they have got all,
 Glory nor Riches will save you from a Fall;
 Remember us, I'm sure it is not long
 Since we were courted by the Wh——sh Throng,
 But now, 'tis true, the Dead we are among. }
 The Almighty's Hand is visible, 'tis clear,
 Upon two Roasters and two M—g—rs;
 Who would have thought such jolly Men as we,
 Should die so soon? you see 'tis Heaven's Decree
 Must be obey'd; and what is also true,
 You all must follow in a Day or two;
 Avoid those Torments we do undergo,
 We are not roasted without basting too:
 Fire enough we cannot want, while here,
 And Cups of Sulphur is our noblest Chear;
 No dainty Pullets crammed are with Gold,
 Nor Lap-Trunks, which do many Guineas hold;
 You won't find here, as you have done above;
 All such Temptations from us are remov'd;
 And what does plague us, is *Sacheverell*,
 The Thoughts of him torments our Souls in H—ll;
 Oh! that we had but overcome that Foe,
 We could endure our Torments Top to Toe;
 But lack of this, it plagues us to the Soul,
 While we in Flames of burning Brimstone roul.
 All this is nothing we would undergo,
 Salting, Pickling, Baking, and Roasting too, }
 If once the Wh—s could overcome this Foe.
 We are toss'd and tumbl'd up and down again,
 And down and up, we sigh, alas! in vain.

Surely

Surely by this you will avoid our Fate,
 All we can't tell, repent ere't be too late;
 May you escape, and eternally be free
 From all such Plagues and endless Misery;
 But hark, methinks we hear our Sentinel
 Patrouling round our Stegion Lake of H—ll;
 If he should take us, we are all undone,
 He may invent new Torments for each one;
 Let us with-draw, we must retire in hast,
 Farewel, dear Friends, no Minutes lose or wast.
 Thus down into our gloomy Orb we go,
 Behold what we have got by ruining a Foe,
 Eternal Misery, and *endless Woe* }

A Litany for the Fast.

FROM Merit unweildy, and overgrown Worth;
 From such Honours and Loyalty, Faith, and so
 (forth,
 As three Princes betray'd, and now bullies the fourth,
Libera nos, Domine.
 From Duty that is such a Rarity thought,
 That while Honour and Conscience, not worth a
 (Groat,
 This at the Price of a House and Crown-Lands must
 (be bought,
Libera nos, &c.
 From who keeps the vacant Commissions six Months,
 Of Colonels and Captains, Premiers, and Seconds;
 And oh! terrible thus is an Army at once,
Libera nos, &c.
 From a Peace to be manag'd by such Plenipo's
 As thereby forty thousand *per Annum* must lose,
 And who has no Passion for Money, God knows,
Libera nos, &c.

From

From the Cause of a Court, and the Spawn of a Bawd ;
 From Malice and Faction, Pride, Envy, and Fraud ;
 From a Cloven-Foot veil'd with a Petticoat-Lord,

Libera nos, &c.

From the Pest of a State, a Club-ridden Knave,
 Who a Nation does with their own Money enslave,
 And has damn'd more than thou in thy Justice can

(save,

Libera nos, &c.

From tremendous Cabals, that do fatally rise ;
 From enlightning Custard and hot *Mutton-Pyes*,
 To bubble the *State*, and bully the *Skies*,

Libera nos, &c.

From such Civil Law as insults Holy Writ ;
 From the Number where Faction contracted does sit,
 Into five ; that's two Fools, two Knaves, and a Wit,

Libera nos, &c.

From a People too good to be told of their Faults ;
 From an H—d of a City, whose *Word* goes for nought,
 Who'll endeavour to save *St. Paul's-work*, 'tis thought,

Libera nos, &c.

A Tale of a Tarr.

A new Ballad.

1.

A Tight and trim Vessel
 As ever ye knew,
 Was mann'd Stem and Stern
 With a trusty stout Crew.

2.

The Captain was held
 By his Lads in Esteem ;
 And he, honest Man,
 Was as tender of them.

C

3. No

3.
 No fatal Mistrustings
 Aboard 'em prevail'd ;
 In Concord they anchor'd,
 In Concord they sail'd :

4.
 'Till a turbulent Tarr,
 As at Yard-arm need hang,
 In Ill-will to the Captain,
 Dumbfounded the Gang :

5.
 Suggesting from Round-top,
 With Nonsense and Anger,
 That, beset by false Friends,
 The Ship was in Danger.

6.
 Tho' but few Days before,
 On Deck they'd been told,
 The next Tool who said so,
 Should be surely Keel-haul'd.

7.
 Now, the Cause ye must know
 Of all this loud Pudder,
 Was to work in some Folks
 To Posts at the Rudder ;

8.
 Who might, by that Means,
 Their whole Aim being for't,
 More insensibly tack
 To the Enemy's Port ;

9.
 Where lurks a Pretender,
 Prepar'd to their Hand,
 To toss o'er-board the Captain,
 And seize the Command.

10.
 So that true-hearted Sailors
 Should be the more ready,

By a careful look-out,
To keep Matters steady.

11.

This Delinquent o' course then
Was brought to the Mast,
To fix, or wipe off
All the Dirt he had cast :

12.

Where, with confident Look,
To save his dear Bacon,
He call'd God to witness
They all were mistaken ;

13.

That the false Friends he meant,
Either 'fore Ship or aft,
Were the Winds and the Waves ;
And then saucily laugh.

14.

This Jesuit Banter
Amusing the Crew,
In the Captain's own Face
They with Mutiny flew :

15.

Joining *Tarr's* Health, and his,
In their scandalous Flip,
And firing Broad-sides
Around the poor Ship.

16.

Unmerited Grace,
Tho' condemn'd, he thus had ;
The few Wise shook their Heads,
More Blockheads huzza'd.

*On the Sentence passed by the House of Lords,
on Dr. Sacheverell.*

HAil, pious Days! thou most propitious Time,
When hated Moderation was a Crime;
When sniv'ling Saints were cropt for Look of Grace,
And branded for a Conventicle Face.
Whole Floods of Gore distain'd the guilty Years,
Noses ragou'd, and Fricasies of Ears:
When rampant *Laud* the Church's Thunder threw,
His sacred Fury no Distinction knew:
The People suffer'd, and the Priesthood too. }

But now behold the bright inverted Scene,
Mercy returns in a forgiving Queen:
Her Senate's Anger burns in milder Fires,
Proud of that Clemency which she inspires.
Calmly they try their Enemy profess,
And tho' they damn the Doctrine, save the Priest;
On the deluded Tool look mildly down,
And spare the factious Pedant for the Gown.
So when in sullen State, by Peasants bound,
The gen'rous Lyon walks his thoughtful Round;
Should some small Cur his Privacy invade,
And cross the Circle which his Paws had made;
Fir'd with Disdain, he hurls his Eyes below,
But loath to grapple with so mean a Foe;
Bestrides him, sniv'ring with inglorious Fear,
And pisses on the Wretch he scorns to tear.

*On the high-flying Addressers.**Nunquam sera est, &c.*

'Tis never too late to grow wiser.

1.

YOU *Tories* now no longer Conscience plead,
Your vile *Addressing* stands much more in need
Of Pardon from that Pow'r y' abhor and dread.

2.

'Tis 'gainst the *Whigs* you bend your flagrant Spight,
Your *Jus divin'*, *hereditary Right*;
For the Devil you mean the *Ha——r* Succession by't.

3.

Yet to the *Queen* of *Non-Resistance* boast;
But what by trusting to't her Father lost,
He knew to your Shame, and dearly to his Cost.

4.

And could you once (which Heav'n grant ne'er may be)
But on the Throne your dear *Pretender* see,
How would you tack about your Loyalty?

5.

You'd then huzza him as true Heir by Blood,
In all *Addresses* swear you understood
Him only, and not *Anne*, —— by all that's good.

6.

This has been *Trickster's* and *Sach——rell's* Aim,
To hallow the Mob to play their trait'rous Game;
And if it not succeeds, ——
To hang for those who most deserve that Shame.

*Good Advice, if rightly taken.**A Ballad.*

WHAT strange *Confus'on* at this Time
 Throughout the *Realm* is seen,
 And spread about in *Prose* and *Rhime*,
 God save our gracious *Queen*,
 And send that we may once agree,
 Before it be too late,
 Lest it do bring in *Jeopardy*
 The *Church*, as well as *State*!
 Good People all therefore take *Care*,
 From *Heats* and *Malice* cease;
 And do not, by domestick *War*,
 Obstruct the *wish'd for Peace*.
 But if ye'd have the *common Foe*
 All *Europe* to enthrall,
 Go madly on, *as now ye do*,
 And help the *faithless Gaul*.
 For though our *Troops* break through *French Lines*,
 And oft their *Armies* beat;
 If we cease not our *Strife* betimes,
 We shall our selves defeat:
 For who can empty *Notions* frame,
 That he will tamely stand,
 And not play out that *winning Game*
 We deal into his Hand.
 If ever happy *Days* ye'd see,
 And *Liberty* enjoy,
 Unite against the *Enemy*,
 And don't *your selves* destroy
 By *in-bred Fars*, under *Pretence*
 The *Church* is sore oppress'd,
 Since ev'ry Man of common *Sense*
 Knows that is but a *Jest*.

What

What is't can hurt the *Church*, I trow,
 When she has such a Head
 As pious *Anna*, who, we know,
 Was in her *Bosom* bred,
 And will support those *lawful Rights*
 Which to her appertain,
 In spite of all those *restless Wights*,
 Who'd cramp her happy *Reign*.

Seasonable Advice.

B *Ritons*, take Care, before it be too late,
 The *Torrent* stop which may o'erwhelm the *State*;
 For tho' the aspiring *Gaul* is now brought low,
 You may, by *home-bred Fars*, your selves undo.
 Annals do tell the Pow'r of ancient *Rome*,
 And Victories by those of *Carthage* won;
 Yet did *domestick Feuds* the last expose
 To conqu'ring *Rome*, and *Rome* herself to Foes.
 Beware then, *Alb'on*, once, at least, be wise,
 Prevent, in Time, those *Ills* which must arise
 From most unnat'ral *Strife* and *Jealousies*.
 When *Sands* or *Shelves* to *Pilots* do appear,
 They from the Danger do their *Vessels* steer;
 And who's so blind, that cannot plainly see
 Those *Rocks* to shun, which threaten *Liberty*?
 It is not yet full two and twenty Years,
 Since *courted Revolution* calm'd your Fears;
 And can ungrateful Men so soon despise
 The Cause from whence their *Welfare* did arise?

The Whigs Idol:

O R,

The new-fashion'd Loyalty.

WHEN cruel Nero over Rome bore Sway;
 To him the Christians did Obedience pay;
 Tho' he was cruel, yet they did all choose
 Their Goods, their Lives, whate'er they had to lose,
 Rather than lift their Hands against the King,
 Or to his Foes the least Assistance bring.
 They knew the Gospel gave a strict Command
 'Gainst God's Anointed not to lift a Hand:
 Had not the Lord commanded it, 'tis plain,
 They'd not have tamely seen their Fellows slain:
 Had they rais'd Arms, so numerous were they grown,
 They could the Tyrant with great Ease dethrone;
 Yet they chose rather to be brave and good,
 And seal their Saviour's Doctrine with their Blood.
 But Liberty and Property's now grown
 The only Darling of the Town,
 And under this Pretence, they dare rebel,
 If Kings in their Opinion rule not well;
 For they to him did give the ruling Place;
 He's no King by God's, but by the People's Grace.
 Thus, tho' a King by Birth comes to his Throne,
 Yet they pretend 'tis they that give the Crown,
 And think Obedience due to them alone. }
 The loyal Man was once accounted brave,
 But now he's call'd a false perfidious Knave.
 Now to be brave one must a Rebel be,
 And throw aside neglected Loyalty.
 Would you Preferment gain in C——h and S——e,
 Use Pen and Tongue 'gainst both to write and prate;
 For Loyalty is now become a Crime,
 He's a Time-server does not serve the Time:

Christ's

Christ's Doctrines now are wholly set at nought,
 And, in their Room, Man's vicious Fancies taught.
 They cry, *St. Paul* did never understand
 The Constitution of the *British* Land;
 As if the Gospel-Precept must give Way,
 And Truth divine must human Laws obey.
 At this Rate, in few Years we then should find
 The Bible made to speak each Rebel's Mind;
 Like an old Suit, which has some Time been wore,
 The Scriptures we should see turn'd out of Door,
 And this Religion be, that was a Crime before.

Horatii Epodon Septimum, Imitated.

WHAT Madness, *Country-men*, inspires?
 What means this Enthusiastick Heat
 With Wine-Off'rings, as if some God
 Approach'd, a hot-brain'd Priest to meet?
 Are you resolv'd to encrease our Fewds,
 And add new Mischiefs to the past?
 Perhaps your Fingers itch again
 To lay more *Meeting-Houses* waste.
 What, is the bloody Time forgot,
 When *Smithfield* flow'd with *English* Blood?
 Or would you, — savage as you are,
 Rejoyce to see a second Flood?
 Against the proud *Pretender* arm,
 And all his num'rous Friends engage;
 On those who own not *Anna's* Pow'r,
 Vent all your Malice and your Rage.
 'Tis *they* who would rejoyce to see
 Such civil Broils and Discords rise;
 Mind not their smooth prevailing Words,
 Under the Grass the *Serpent* lies.
 The *Tyger*, nor the cruel *Bear*,
 Nor *Lyon*, on his Kind does prey;

For Shame then, *Country-men*, forbear,
 To act more savagely than *they*.
 Is it true Zeal, religious Heat,
 And Love to your great *Idol*, S?
 Or is it *Lewis* in Disguise,
 Who is the curst Cause of this?
 Asham'd, you all hang down your Heads;
 With Guilt you all astonish'd stand;
 Oh! that such Weeds were rooted out,
 And banish'd from our native Land.
 Then would all Discord cease, and Union smile,
 And Peace and Plenty bless our *British* Isle.

*The Wolf stript of his Shepherd's Clothing, ad-
 dress'd to Dr. Sacheverell.*

By a Salopian Gentleman.

OF all the jolly Sights the Town has shown
 Of foreign Apes and Drolls, or of her own,
 Of filter'd Bullies, or of hatless Beaus,
 With all the Civet Train of Furbelows,
 Of patch'd up Madams, or of worn out Bawds,
 Or consecrated Pillories of *Lands*,
 Unjointed Vaulters, Kick-shaws, Jack-a-lents,
 Produc'd in Streets, in Taverns, or in Tents,
 There's none admir'd in all the loyal List,
 As is the butter'd, or the non-resisting Priest.

A Shepherd, he, until he understood
 The only fatt'ning Food was Flesh and Blood.
 By these the Wolf to mighty Bulk encreas'd,
 And his lean Chaps grew watry at the Feast,
 In gormandizing Guts the greater Beast.
 No more the Fleece shall for the Flesh atone,
 Our greedy Shepherd now is wiser grown,
 And *Pan* shall keep the harmless Sheep alone.

The

The harmless Sheep, that only wish to share
 The common Benefits of vital Air,
 To feed and sport on *Ida's* flow'ry Plain,
 Refresh'd by Heav'n's own Bounties, Sun and Rain;
 At Noon to cool at some refreshing Spring,
 And sweetly join Great *Pan's* just Praise to sing.
 Great *Pan*, whose watchful Care at once did keep
 The unspotted Lambs, and the unguarded Sheep,
 Who yield their Fleeces, and their Lives to boot,
 When their just *Pan* shall call 'em forth to do't.

The Heav'n's smil'd, and bless'd with great Increase
 Our joyful Land, Prosperity and Peace
 Ran down our late bemir'd Streets at Home,
 Abroad our Arms but come and overcome.

The blisful * Morn; like Yester† Noon, was clear,
 Her sweet Approach did ev'ry Mortal cheer :

Aurora open'd her odoriferous Door,
 And scatter'd Roses o'er the Heav'nly Floor.
 Great *Titan* sets his glorious Throne on high,
 And trac'd his fiery Horses thro' the Sky;
 Each weeping Flower its drooping Head did raise,
 And op'd its Lips to kiss his welcome Rays.

The feather'd Herd with one Consent did wing,
 In charming Notes his juster Praise to sing,
 Meeting at ev'ry Grove and ev'ry Spring.

The duller human Race could smile to see
 Their Vitals from the frozen Jelly free;
 Determin'd in themselves, nought could beget
 A vital Spirit but a vital Heat.

Thus happy were we when this Wolf slept in,
 And lead the hideous Herd to Blood and Sin.

For Men must needs grow mad, tho' none knew why,
 Unless thro' pamp'ring Ease and Luxury.
 So sovereign Balms must needs increase the Sore,
 And over-flowing Plenty make us poor.

D 2

Lately

* The Beginning of Queen Ann's Reign.

† Queen Elizabeth.

Lately we groan'd beneath the galling Yoke,
 Now Liberty and Ease does more provoke:
 When Heaven rains Manna, 'tis we Hunger know,
 Are only curs'd 'cause Blessings overflow.
 Divisions once we wish'd should be remov'd,
 Union and Concord now are less belov'd;
 Rather than *Love* and *Charity* shall greet,
 Our acting Hands shall quarrel with our Feet:

Aegyptian Bondage lately overthrown,
 All Gods (save those we make) we scorn to own;
 Our Image only in the Calf is known.

Hail! mighty, mighty Int'rest, doubly hail!
 With Calves the Golden Calf must needs prevail;
 'Tis like, likes like, only in this, the Gold
 Is more illustrious, as 'tis better Mould;
 And hence the God proceeds, if made of Clay,
 The God's a Beast, tho' not so great as they.

Next hail the zealous Mob, for who can tell
 But this admir'd Zeal may ever dwell
 In this same zealous Crowd, and their S——
 Int'rest, I'm sure, will ne'er be out of Date;
 As Want will still attend the Profligate:
 Blood-thirsty Men will still delight in Blood;
 And Rebels always make Rebellion good,
 If Nouns and Passives can be understood.

'Tis natural, what Nature does decide,
 The Doctor, and the Mob, are Nature's Pride:
 The Zeal is in the Rabble still; as 'twas of old,
 He must be guilty whom their Captain sold,
 Their chosen *Barrabas* too uncontroul'd.

Great was *Diana*, then tho' no Man knew
 Why they came there, nor whence their Fury grew;
 All is confus'd, yet they can all agree

To damn the Guiltless, set the Guilty free:
 'Twixt Beast and Beast, what Diff'rence can you find?

'Tis like, likes like, thro' all the savage Kind.
 On this known Truth we'll then no longer dwell,
 The Doctor likes the Mob, the Mob S——

Trans-

Transmiger'd Souls may of their Fate complain,
 In some bemir'd Hog grunt forth their Pain,
 But never, never can be free again. }

Where are you all, you lewd ignoble Guests,
False Brethren, Grindals, Burnets, Hoadleys, Wests!
 Of all the Sons, I know not what ye are,
 Pretend to cant, and preach, and cannot curse and
 (swear,

Drink loyal Healths, and loyal Canto's sing,
 At once pray for, and plot against the King;
 Raise up the Mob, the Government to spite,
 Be each Man only true, and yet a *Jacobite!*

The non-resisting Principles pursue;
 You don't refuse the King, but he refuses you!
 Bishops and Priests, Republicans to own
 True Church, and Persecution left alone!
 Non-Residences sure you'll not deny,
 And can't so many Steeples raise you high?
 D'ye think the Man that cannot swear, can't plot,
 And can you see a Brother in a *Scot?*

Pretend to Zeal, and yet grant Liberty,
 Plead Gospel rightly, and yet set Conscience free, }
 And Sons o'th' Church not with her Sons agree:
 As Flesh, and Blood, and Soul makes up the Man,
 So preaching, praying, the Republican;
 So Non-Resistance teaches to resist,
 Rebellion so proclaims the passive Priest.

An Infant Gods of late he took Delight,
 The Prince! his daily Thoughts, his Dreams by
 (Night;

And mighty Anthems his perpetual Note,
 To Coat of Freeze, and holy Milk of Goat.

But ah! what Stars attend the Just and Good!
 This *Brittish* God not knowing what he did,
 Directed merely by the Hand of Chance,
 Bestis'd his Nurse, and so was sent to *France*:
 No sooner there, but we may all resist
 Gods that we make, we make but as we list;

Int'rest

Int'rest dissolve the Bonds, and to be sure
There's no Obedience due to Gods that have no Pow'r.

The Teacher, and the Taught, make always two,
The loyal Non-Resisters, Sufferers you
By Sword in Hand, the loyal Height is known
Obedient still to Kings — that are their own;
But if our Kings from Blood and Rapine keep,
These are not Kings for Wolves, but Kings for Sheep.

Hence 'twas, that this insatiate Beast of Prey,
Swoll'n big with Malice, in Revenge grown grey,
With poyson'd Blood boiling thro' all his Veins,
(Of 's late Humanity without Remains)
Of all the hideous Kind, most noted stood;
With glaring Eyes, amidst the grinning Brood,
Roaring out Blasphemies, and bleating Blood. }

Amen is eccho'd thro' the Wolfish Sky,
Wolves can't be safe, whilst Shepherds multiply;
And mighty Herds of Wolves are henceforth seen,
Destroy the Subject, to secure the Queen!

Thus those sweet Beams, that with such Bliss did
(flow,

Hugg'd in their Bosom the benighting Foe:
Noisome *Effluvia* suck'd from ev'ry Lake,
Scum of the Earth, and like its self opake.

These clubb'd, and soon prodigious Armies form
Of teeming Clouds, our fleeting Joys to storm.

The burthen'd Heavens of their Load complain,
Groaning in Thunder, weeping Show'rs of Rain;
Whilst forked Light'ning our Amazements urge,
And Bolts red hissing come from *Vulcan's* Forge.

Tumultuous Ruin now, and irksome Night,
Invades the Day, the Day so lately bright:

No gladsome Signs, but here and there a Ray,
That lost its self in seeking out the Day.

Here blasted Blooms leave the declining Tree,
Scarcely the Leaves, nor could the Trunk be free;
Here lay a Rose, and there a Tulip lay,
One half in balmy Sweats, the other Clay.

Th' Almighty now in Peals of Thunder spake,
 Fear not, my little Flock, nor me forsake ;
 I'll plead my Cause my self against them all,
 And make 'em know my Church shall never fall ;
 Against these Sots I'll whet my Arrows keen,
 That thus abuse my Mercy and my Queen.

The Wolves retire into their Dens again,
 And fret, and grin, and howl, and rave in vain.
 The Sun retrieves his late bewilder'd Rays,
 And we enjoy our wish'd-for *Halcyon Days*.

An Epigram on Dan. de F——.

TO speak the Truth, is criminal now,
 Whilst vilify'd by such as thou ;
 Who hast the Policy of *Devil*,
 An Head to work the Nation's Evil ;
 Detatcht from *Hell*, thou did'st commence
 Thy daring Pride and Impudence,
 To set up for a *Moderator*,
 (With thy dear Brother *Observer*.)
 And a *Reformer*, to suppress
 Intemperance, Pride, and Drunkenness,
 Yet dost encrease, not make 'em less ;
 For who'd reform his Life and Lewdness
 By thee, the Source of Lies and Rudeness,
 Without Commillion ; or if thou
 Hast any, 't came from *Hell* below.
 And sure, if Honour 'tis to be
 Endow'd with *bellish Policy*,
 Thou hast enough, too much we see.
 Whereby thou do'st the Croud delude,
 The poor unthinking Multitude ;
 And so the modish Names commence,
 A Man of Parts, a Man of Sense !

This is the Man (read it who list)
 As great a Knave as ever p——t ;
 Who yet, to cloak his *Knavery*,
 (Still Presbyterian Policy)
 Pretends to be Truth's Advocate,
 Tho' none has less, than he, of that.
 And so his Notions fly about,
 Some entertain, some cast 'em out,
 As only fit for the Rabble Rout.
 He thinks he's mighty honest, when
 He tells the Faults of other Men ;
 And rails against the Government,
 For Errors in Mismanagement ;
 But 'tis the Effect of Discontent,
 And knavish Partiality.
 For those who of his Party be,
 Are prais'd by him, carest, commended,
 And in their greatest Faults defended ;
 Whilst honest Men, and Men of Zeal,
 Who've always wish'd the Nation well,
 Are said to *car' on very Hell*.
 His Notions of our Constitution,
 And the happy Revolution,
 Are false, absurd ; for to impute
 Resistance (any ways) unto't,
 Is reflecting on the same,
 And the late *King's* glorious Name ;
 Who, in his publish'd *Declaration*,
 Disclaimed the least Imputation
 Of Resistance ; but such Fools,
 Such self-conceited wretched Tools,
 The grand Incendaries of the Age,
 Dare boldly with the Truth engage ;
 Despise Authorities, and charge
 Their own curs'd Principles, at large
 On th' *Church of England*, and derive
 Their Guilt on it ; and so contrive,

If possible, its Dissolution,
 And infringe our Constitution.
 But may Heav'n check their Impudence,
 And curb their Pride and Insolence;
 Make their own Lies and Curses, all,
 To their Confusion, on 'em fall;
 And cut off their infestious Race,
 That so contin'al Scenes of Peace
 And Unity, may e're abound,
 And our distressed Land surround.

*The Rary-Show, lately brought from the flaming
 Isle of Moderation, all alive.*

GOOD People all, both Low and High,
 Unto my Rary-show draw nigh;
 For 'tis a Sight, nor foul, nor pretty,
 Nor long, nor short, nor dull, nor witty.
 It has no Beginning, and has no End;
 'Tis crooked all over, yet cannot bend;
 'Tis strait, in a Lump, without Tail or Top;
 'Tis full of all Points, yet has no Stop;
 'Tis a mingle Comepur of all together,
 And fitted for fair, or for foul Weather.

Gallants, walk in, and take your Places,
 And ye pale Nymphs, with fiery Faces;
 Within this Booth you have in view,
 A black white Monster cloath'd in blew.
 He's neither wild, nor is he tame,
 From *Moderation* Isle he came.
 In foreign Court he hath been shown
 With great Applause, yet lik'd by none;
 On Horseback, with his Staff in Hand,
 He walk'd from *Dort* to *Switzerland*;

Did Calvin at Geneva profess,
 And when at Rome, did say the Mass.
 No Nazarite, nor Turk, nor Jew;
 Of ev'ry sort that comes in view.
 He holds all Creeds, and none at all;
 He worships God, and bows to Baal.
 With all, and none, he stuffs his Pack,
 And carr's and brings the Devil back;
 And if you'd know his Name, 'tis G—— S——y,
 Of bending Brow, and pinking Eye;
 He's neither young, nor is he old;
 He bauls all Day, yet cannot scold;
 He speaks no Truth, yet tells no Lie,
 He hath Reserves for Perjury.
 A Champion for the Church's Cause,
 Yet ties her Rite to human Laws;
 Postpones the Princes Birth divine,
 And equals Noll's to Stewart's Line.
 With Courage bold, as I have heard,
 He lately took St. I——I by's Beard;
 And, whatsoe'er he talk'd before,
 In Pulpits, or to Courts had swore,
 (As teaching Subjects to obey)
 His *Revolution* took away.
 For in a long compendious Speech,
 (With which he might have wip'd his Br——h)
 He Cases and Distinctions found,
 Which Ages past laid under Ground;
 That if Q—— A—— rules not well,
 Then, in such Case, we may rebel.
 Next on the *Dervises* did fall,
 And Hip and Thigh he did 'em maul;
 No *Atheist*, *Jew*, or scoffing *Turk*,
 But would have scorn'd so vile a Work;
 Not *Julian*, nor *Calvinian* Foes,
 Could more the Christian Priests expose.
 All this he rav'd! and more than this,
 At which, they say, the Court did hiss:

But least you doubt what's said, is true,
Pray ask himself, he comes in view.

On Dr. Sacheverell's Eye-water, lately printed.

Here is to be sold the true Water of Light,
To open your Eyes, and to quicken your Sight;
Sacheverell's the Fountain from whence it does flow,
And discovers to whom our Allegiance we owe.
If you are not besotted, 'tis plain by his Sermons,
That you ought to be passive to the Prince of *St. Ger-*
Tho' you have been decoy'd by the damn'd Revo-
(*mains*;
(*lution*,
To submit to the W—gs, and their old Constitution;
Yet I hope now the Doctor has shew'd you your Crime,
That for Hereditary Right you'll appear, while 'tis
(*time*,
To atone for the Sins of your former Resistance,
Or else you'll be damn'd without Help or Assistance:
For the great *B. B——l*, if you'll go to his School,
Has prov'd that a W——n deserves not to rule;
Away with false Brethren, and false Sisters too,
To the Devil and his Angels, with the Schismatick
(*Crew*,
To see their Friend *William*, whose Reward was old
(*Sorrel*,
Ought to have been *deritted*, but not crown'd with
(*Lawrel*.
Then old Mother Church will again be restor'd,
And being quite out of Danger, by all be ador'd.

The Age of Riddles :

O R,

A true List of certain extraordinary Positions, formerly call'd Contradictions, but now distinguish'd by no Names at all. Faithfully extracted from several Modern Doctrines and Practices.

Qui Color est Albus nunc est Contrarius Albo.

I. **A**LL Government is overturn'd by Obedience, and establish'd by being resisted. Therefore,

II. The most eminent Instance of Loyalty, is, to condemn Subjection; and he is the greatest Rebel that preaches against Rebellion.

III. Those are a Prince's best Subjects, and most faithful Ministers, who deny his Title to the Crown before his Face; and argue against that Right which they are bound by their Office and their Oaths to defend.

IV. The worst Cause in the World ought to have the worst Managers; and those are fittest to censure other Peoples Speeches, that can't read their own.

V. A C——h must necessarily be in a safe and flourishing Condition, when B——ps explode its Doctrines, and Lawyers are forc'd to defend 'em.

VI. They that know nothing of the Laws of the Land, or act and plead in direct Opposition to 'em, either are already At—— and Sol——rs Gen——l, or ought to be made L——d Ch——f J——ces.

VII. Those are the most proper Persons to accuse others of High Crimes and Misdemeanors, who for their Speeches in that very Accusation, ought themselves to be hang'd for High Treason.

VIII.

VIII. Ignorance, Rudeness, Impudence, Dulness, and Nonsense, are undoubted Proofs of Wit, Learning, and good Manners; and the most virulent Slander, Railing, Rage, Malice, Lying, and Injustice, are the truest Signs of Christian Charity, Temper, and Moderation.

IX. When a Man is condemn'd and punish'd as a Criminal, his Friends ought to testify their Concern by Bonfires and Illuminations.

X. Those are the greatest Enemies to arbitrary Power; who, of all Mankind, best love to exercise it; and they are the most zealous Defenders of the Liberty and Property of their Fellow-Subjects, who are for destroying both, either without Law, or contrary to Law.

XI. 'Tis the Duty of the Sons of Arch-bishops, to impeach the Church; of Bishops, to vote a Clergyman guilty of high Crimes and Misdemeanors, for preaching those Doctrines which Christ and his Apostles, and even they themselves have preach'd; of Scotch Peers, to save a Church of England Divine from Ruin; of Presbyterians, to pull down Meeting-Houses; of Governors, to encourage the Principles of Disobedience; and of the Mob, to rebel in Defence of Loyalty.

We have got at last, when no Body thought it.

Certainly never did the moderate Party more strive to abuse and destroy the High-C——h, than they did at the late Tryal of Dr. Sacheverell; and yet, though they spit their Venom, and wrack their very Souls for Inventions and Lies to blacken them, and, as it were, to ruin their Credits and Reputations to all Intents and Purposes, yet, High-C——h has got it at last.

But

But least you may perchance forget what they have said, writ, and done, give me Leave a little to remind you.—— And first of all, Mr. d' Foe, the Champion for the Cause and Party, begins very modestly, after his peaceful Temper; *This Week*, says he, *we have the Prelude to the High-Church Affair, and the Essay has been made on the Mob.*—— *The Doctor, in his passing and repassing, has been huzzad by the Rabble, which is to be artfully improv'd.* Review, Vol. VI. Numb. 141. Now, observe, this was done with Design to make the Doctor look odious in the Sight of the Parliament; and yet, after all, *the High-C——b has got it at last.*

Secondly, Numb. 562. *This huzzaing has made the Doctor so popular, that the Ladies begin to talk of falling in Love with him.*—— That's more, I presume, than the *Low-Church* will do; and the *High-flyers* envy him the Glory of his Sufferings: Who envy'd the Sufferings of your *Saints* in the *West*? Tell me that if you can.—— Nay, they have done all they can to make the *House of Commons* take Notice of them, yet can't do it for their Lives. Good Reason why, the Doctor was to be made a President, and they were afraid to take too much upon them at a Time, for Fear of the worst. And yet, for all that, *the High-C——b has got it at last.*

— Thirdly, Ibidem. D' Foe says, *If the Lords bring him in guilty, the House of Commons can't tell what Punishment to inflict on him.*—— And makes a Scotch Member to find out and push forward the Punishment, which the Party would willingly come at; that is, *Unfrocking him*, as they call it; but in down-right *English*, is stripping his Gown over his Ears. And yet, after all this mighty Bustle, *the High-C——b has got it at last.*

Fourthly, Ibidem. Fol. 563. 'Tis farther urg'd, if Non-Resistance be a notorious Cheat, (as the *Low-C——b* would have it) a State-Error, a Tool of Tyranny, and

a Fraud hatch'd by the Devil, to impose upon and delude Mankind, then the Doctor must be cast and condemn'd; and whether he be unfrock'd or no, that must be left to the Lords Determination. — Which any one may see was the intended Design and Aim of the Party. And yet, for all that, High-C——b has got it at last.

Fifthly, Vol. VI. Fol. 565. Now, do but observe how the Spleen of the Low-C——b Party does begin to rise. — Well, well, (says Mr. Review) Gentlemen, the Physick works, as if High-C——b had taken a fanatical Purge. — Let us know what Name to call it by: Is it Rebellion to defend a Non-Resistance Rabble and Mob, by Way of Passive-Obedience and Resistance? Yet, after a long Catalogue of Low-C——b Invectives against High-Church, she has got it at last.

Ibidem. As for Dr. Sacheverell, honest good Man, he can have no Hand in this Matter, unless God has forsaken him, and his Senses too. — Thus you may see how the Faction animate the Houses, and the Queen and Government too. And yet, for all this, High-C——b has got it at last.

Ibidem. Well, at last he concludes, (when he can't fix it upon any Person) that let who will be in it, who will be for it, or whatever be the Occasion, the Fact is true, and it stands upon Record, that the Rabble being encourag'd for two or three Days together by the Doctor or his Friends, (observe that) they went directly to the Meeting-Houses, and pluck'd them down, and burnt them: Besides, they broke open Mr. Burges's and Mr. Eele's Houses, and took from thence, or destroy'd their Goods and Books, and with much ado was prevented from burning one of their Houses. — Now, pray was not this the ready Way to dewit Men first before a legal Conviction? And upon the whole, where is the Doctor or his Friends found guilty, or so much as question'd about the Fact? And of all this great Rabble, there were but three try'd for it, and yet nothing prov'd that the Doctor or his Friends set them to Work. 'Tis true, there is one acquitted,

acquitted, and one condemn'd, and *Purchase* the *Bail* is found guilty of the Fact, and the *Low-C—b* are striving all they can to bring him in guilty of high Treason, that was only prov'd to be there after the Pews was set on Fire; but how many were there that were actually taken, that were *Presbyterians*, with the Boards in their Hand, carrying them to the Fire, and in their Way knock'd some down that would not cry out, *High-Church and Sacheverell*? But these, it seems, are to be screen'd, that the Odium thereof mayn't fall upon the *Dissenters* in general. There was a Time that 3000 *l.* a-piece were offer'd to bail them, was refus'd at first, but upon second Consideration, they were admitted, and to what End and Purpose the Parliament will be made sensible of in Time; and certainly then these must needs be guilty of *high Treason*, if any be. But upon the whole, the great Charge upon the *high-flying Party* is vanish'd; and to conclude, *the High-C—b has got it at last.*

On the present Debates about Religion.

I Wonder what these nice Distinctions mean,
 'Tween zealous High-Church, and proud Low-
 (Church-men?)

When we shall all at God's just Bar appear,
 Think you, he'll ask us of what Church we are?
 No, no: Let then this foolish Diff'rence rest,
 They're of the truest Church, that live the best.

F I N I S.



